

MAXIM

AUSTRALIA

2016
**TOP
10**
AUSSIE
SUMMER
GETAWAYS
& LUXURY
CARS

THE AWE-INSPIRING
ROBYN
LAWLEY

AUSTRALIA'S
HOTTEST MODEL,
MOGUL & MOTHER



AIR
JORDANS
QUENTIN
TARANTINO
GLENN
McGRATH
ICE CUBE

ISSUE 55 FEBRUARY 2016

AUST \$9.95 NZ \$10.95 INC GST
ISSN 1839-0641



WWW.MAXIM.COM.AU



FACEBOOK/MAXIMAU
TWITTER/MAXIM_AUS
INSTAGRAM/MAXIM_AUS
YOUTUBE/MAXIMAUSTRALIA



TAKE YOUR TUNES FOR A SWIM

The AJ2 from AQUAJAM is an award winning speaker, with some truly unique features. Not only is this speaker waterproof, but it has been designed to work as well in the water as it does out of it. An auto buoyancy feature ensures that the speaker will always float speaker side up, allowing you to literally swim with your music.

That's not all. The AJ2 incorporates a clever mounting system which allows you to attach your speaker anywhere, from a

surfboard to a shower wall, to the handle bar of a bike (a 3M multipurpose and bike mount come with the product). Tested to -30 degrees and snow proof this speaker can handle the mountains as well as it does the sea. Add to that a truly impressive audio quality, a 10 hr run time and a built in mic for receiving calls and you have a wireless speaker in a class of its own.

To find out more visit www.aquajam.com



AJ mini

The world's smallest waterproof speaker...With a big sound

- IPX7 Certified
- Bluetooth enabled - up to 10M of range
- Built in Mic
- Built in lithium rechargeable battery up to 3 hours continuous playtime
- Snowproof
- Comes with inflatable life ring and carabiner clip



Available for purchase at :



www.aquajam.com

AQUAJAM™

www.aquajam.com



AJ2

Our award winning speaker just got better

- IPX7 Certified
- Bluetooth v4.0
- The AQUAJAM has been designed to float, and buoyed so that the speaker grill will always face up
- Built in Mic for hands free function and speakerphone
- Built in lithium rechargeable battery up to 10 hours continuous playtime
- High quality drivers deliver a full balanced sound
- Snowproof
- Comes with bike mount & 3M multi purpose mount, carabiner clip And hand strap



POLICE

aria™

POLICELIFESTYLE.COM

Only Begun

ICON

THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

AVAILABLE AT





CONTENTS

- 10 COVER GIRL** AUSTRALIA'S HOTTEST CURVE MODEL/MOGLUL/MUM, ROBYN LAWLEY, MAKES HER *MAXIM* DEBUT
- 18 MACHINES** THE TOP 10 MOST EXPENSIVE CARS FOR 2016
- 24 QUENTIN TARANTINO** THE ICONIC WRITER/DIRECTOR/PRODUCER/ACTOR, TALKS UP NEW FILM *THE HATEFUL EIGHT*
- 26 AIR JORDANS** AS IT TURNS 30, NIKE'S LEGENDARY SNEAKER IS STILL SLAM DUNKING ON ITS COMPETITORS
- 28 GLENN McGRATH** THE FORMER AUSSIE CRICKET CHAMP SELECTS HIS GREATEST AUSTRALIAN TEST TEAM EVER
- 32 HEALTH & FITNESS** THE RUGBY SEVENS WORKOUT REGIME AND DIET TIPS
- 34 VIP** OUR TOP 10 LUXURY HOLIDAY GETAWAYS IN AUSTRALIA
- 36 BAR** HEAT UP YOUR COCKTAILS WITH A JACK DANIEL'S SPICED MULE
- 38 SPOTLIGHT** SUPERMODEL EMILY DiDONATO IS MAKING A VERY BIG SPLASH
- 48 ONE FOOT ON THE PODIUM** THE TRUE STORY ABOUT A DISABLED BOY WHO BECAME AN ELITE OLYMPIC ATHLETE
- 52 MUSIC** PANIC! AT THE DISCO TAKE US THROUGH THEIR NEW ALBUM TRACK-BY-TRACK
- 54 STYLE** ALL YOU EVER NEEDED TO KNOW ABOUT CUSTOM TAILORING SUITS
- 58 TECHNOLOGY** THE LATEST OUTDOOR GOODS, NEW GHOST E-BOARD, AND OUR EXPERT ON THIS MONTH'S BEST APPS
- 62 HOW TO...** PLAN AN AUSSIE BUCK'S PARTY NIGHT/WEEKEND... AND SURVIVE
- 64 TRAVEL** DOING A REMOTE INDONESIAN ISLAND WITH MINIMAL EQUIPMENT
- 70 SUNKISSED** OUR MODELS ROMP AROUND IN THE SAINT-TROPEZ SUN
- 88 GROOMING** NEW SEASON SCENTS TO TURN YOU FROM STINKY TO SEXY
- 89 SUBSCRIBE TO MAXIM** WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WAITING FOR, PEOPLE?!
- 90 GAMES** 2016 IS LOOKING LIKE ONE OF THE BIGGEST YEARS IN GAMING HISTORY – AND IT'S KICKING OFF WITH A BANG!
- 92 SEX & RELATIONSHIPS** A FORMER "DICK LIT" DOUCHE LORD HAS REBRANDED HIMSELF AS A SELF-HELP GURU, PLUS THE NEW GENERATION OF 'JERSEY CHASERS' TAKING THE GAME TO SOCIAL MEDIA
- 98 24 HOURS TO LIVE** ICE CUBE TAKE US THROUGH HIS FINAL DAY ON EARTH



TWO GIANT FOLD-OUT POSTERS

EMILY DiDONATO PHOTOGRAPHED BY GILLES BENSIMON

ROBYN LAWLEY PHOTOGRAPHED BY WAYNE DANIELS





GET BETTER WITH GHOST



ghost!

2016 is the year of the Ghost. Get involved with the world's newest tech sport, discover endless original tricks and compete with your mates for all the glory.

Get your own Ghost Board by visiting
www.ghostboards.co



MAXIM AUSTRALIA

PHONE +612-7900-6786
MAIL PO Box 230,
Double Bay NSW 1360
EMAIL maxim@maxim.com.au
WEB www.maxim.com.au
FACEBOOK [maximau](https://www.facebook.com/maximau)
TWITTER [maxim_au](https://twitter.com/maxim_au)
INSTAGRAM [maxim_au](https://www.instagram.com/maxim_au)
YOUTUBE [maximaustralia](https://www.youtube.com/maximaustralia)

EDITORIAL

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Santi Pintado
(spintado@nuclear.com.au)

ART DIRECTOR

Luke Shaddock
(lshaddock@nuclear.com.au)

MOTORING EDITOR

Bill Varetimidis

FASHION EDITOR

Adriana Dib

GROOMING EDITOR

Shonagh Walker

GAMING & TECH WRITER

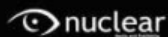
Chris Stead

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Wayne Daniels

ADVERTISING

National Advertising Manager
Drew Haywood
(dhaywood@nuclear.com.au)



NUCLEAR MEDIA

MANAGING DIRECTOR:

Michael Downs

MARKETING DIRECTOR:

Natalie Downs

Chairman and CEO, Biglari Holdings Inc.: Mr. Sardar Biglari

MAXIM WORLD WIDE BRAND LICENSING

VICE PRESIDENT, INTERNATIONAL LICENSING Jill Tully

DIRECTOR OF BRAND MANAGEMENT, LICENSING Diana Abessera

DESIGN DIRECTOR, LICENSING Damian Wilkinson

INTERNATIONAL LICENSING & PUBLISHING MANAGER Stephanie Marino

SENIOR PARALEGAL & RIGHTS MANAGER Catherine Baxter

EDITOR'S NOTE



ROBYN LAWLEY (pictured above with a reject from *The Love Boat*) has certainly come a long, long way since her humble beginnings growing up in the western suburbs of Sydney.

As Australia's leading plus-size/curve model, the girl from Girraween now lives in Los Angeles and is represented by three different agencies worldwide. Since first signing with Aussie plus-size modelling agency Bella Management at 18, Robyn has walked many runways around the world, designed her own swimwear range in collaboration with Bond-Eye Swimwear and released the cookbook *Robyn Lawley Eats* off the back of her successful blog. What's more, she was awarded the Model of the Year during the Full Figured Fashion Week in 2013.

However, Robyn is probably best known for being the first curve model to feature in magazines such as *Vogue*, *Elle* and *Sports Illustrated's* coveted swimsuit issue, and also the first to appear in campaigns for prominent fashion brands such as Ralph Lauren. And now, this month, the ever-lovely Ms Lawley achieves another first as she makes her *MAXIM* debut in her first-ever cover feature for us.

To say we couldn't be more proud to have her as one of our front-page women is an understatement and her outstanding work all starts on page 10 in our extremely hot photo shoot. "I think it's fantastic that *MAXIM* is promoting diversity," Robyn tells us. "So I feel that it's a really empowering shoot to be a part of. It's perfect!" The pleasure was definitely all ours, Robyn. We salute you!

Until next month, *MAXIM* fans, enjoy another fantastic edition of your favourite magazine and thanks for reading.

Cheers,

Santi

Editor-in-Chief

© 2016 MAXIM Inc. The name "MAXIM" and the MAXIM logo are registered trademarks of Maxim Media Inc., and used under license by (publisher). All rights reserved. The United States edition of MAXIM is published monthly by MAXIM Inc. 415 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. For international publishing or licensing inquiries: maximworld@maxim.com.

TOYS FOR BOYS



BV

BOMBERG

BOLT-68
SWISS MADE

THE BOLT-68 COLLECTION INCLUDES THE CHAIN AND MEDALLION FOR TURNING YOUR EXCLUSIVE TIMEPIECE INTO A DISRUPTIVE POCKET WATCH

SYDNEY: WAMADA JEWELLERY 02 9281 8182 • VINTAGE WATCH CO 02 9221 3373 • GREGORY JEWELLERS BLACKTOWN 02 9622 4828 •
GREGORY JEWELLERS BANKSTOWN 02 9793 8855 MELBOURNE: GREGORY JEWELLERS HIGHPOINT 03 9975 4640 •
SALERA'S JEWELMASTERS MELBOURNE 03 9654 6688 • SALERA'S JEWELMASTERS • CHADSTONE 03 96596303
BRISBANE: VINTAGE WATCH CO 07 3210 6722 PERTH: THE HOROLOGIST 04525 9284

WWW.BOMBERG.CH • FOLLOW US ON    

ROBYN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WAYNE DANIELS

LAWLEY

SHE GREW UP IN THE WESTERN SUBURBS OF SYDNEY BUT NOW LIVES IN LOS ANGELES, IS BEST KNOWN FOR BEING THE FIRST PLUS-SIZE/CURVE MODEL TO FEATURE IN MAGAZINES LIKE *VOGUE*, *ELLE* AND *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'S COVETED SWIMSUIT ISSUE AND THE FIRST TO APPEAR IN CAMPAIGNS FOR LEADING FASHION BRANDS SUCH AS RALPH LAUREN. AND NOW THIS MONTH AUSTRALIA'S HOTTEST CURVE MODEL, ROBYN LAWLEY, ACHIEVES ANOTHER FIRST AS SHE MAKES HER *MAXIM* DEBUT IN HER FIRST-EVER COVER FEATURE FOR US. ENJOY!

ALL LINGERIE BY CHANTELE PARIS AT DAVID JONES / DAVIDJONES.COM.AU

SWAROVSKI EARRINGS,
NECKLACE, BRACELET AND
RING AT **SWAROVSKI.COM**



H

ey Robyn, congrats on your first MAXIM cover. How do you feel?

Really excited! I love the cover and working with the MAXIM team was so much fun. I've seen so many of my favourite models and celebrities shoot MAXIM covers here and around the world, so when you asked me I was so flattered.

Being a men's mag shoot, how did you feel going into it?

I think it's fantastic that MAXIM is promoting diversity, so I feel that it's a really empowering shoot to be a part of. It's perfect!

You've done a truckload of magazine cover shoots over the years, how did you prepare yourself for this shoot?

I like to eat well and exercise in the lead up to a cover shoot. Lots of water and fresh juices for healthy glowing skin and eyes.

What did you love most about the styling by Chantelle lingerie?

Chantelle have been a client of mine for many years and the first to use me as a regular model – no plus tag needed. It also helps that they've been making lingerie for over 100 years, so the fit and look is very important to them.

Well, you look HOT. When do you feel sexy and why?

I feel sexiest when I am listening to music.

What's your best asset?

I think my love of the environment.

What do you do when you're not posing for MAXIM?

I'm so busy all the time. I had my first child in February last year so between looking after her, I garden, do photo shoots all over the world, try to do something creative, whether it be film or music, and making and designing my swimwear.

Congrats again on your beautiful daughter, Ripley.

What do you love and hate about your job?

I love travelling to new and exciting locations around the world for shoots, but hate the actual travel part of travelling.

Why do you think you are Australia's leading, not to mention hottest, curve model?

Oh wow, don't ask me but thank you very much for the compliment!

What's the biggest misconception about curve models?

I guess it would be that we are overweight, which just isn't true. Most curve models I know are so fit and healthy but we are also really tall so it's impossible to be a smaller size.

And what is the biggest hurdle you've ever encountered in the curvy model world?

Not being booked for more high-end designers. I would love a big campaign for Prada or Givency, for instance.

So, what advice do you have for any women wanting to become a curve model?

I don't really like to give advice like

**"I THINK IT'S
FANTASTIC MAXIM
IS PROMOTING
DIVERSITY IN
THE MAGAZINE,
SO I FEEL THAT
IT'S A REALLY
EMPOWERING
SHOOT TO BE
A PART OF."**

that but I think the key for me has been having a great agency behind me who I can trust.

If you weren't a model, what would you be doing?

I'd most likely be a chef, director or writing music and producing. They are my most passionate hobbies.

Can you tell us the top three highlights of your career so far?

Shooting the *Vogue Italia* cover with Steven Meisel, launching my swimwear line and shooting for *Sports Illustrated*.

What is your mantra when it comes to body image?

It's about health not size labels. Take care of your body with great food and exercise, and it will take care of you.

What do you do to relax?

I love to hike and basically be anywhere outdoors in beautiful forests, mountains or canyons. I'm a total nature lover.

Nice one, but what's the craziest girl's night out you've ever had?

I think I've had too many to count! One notable night was actually a three-to-four-day party over a Halloween weekend with a good friend in New York. It all ended up at Heidi Klum's famous Halloween bash.

What's the worst hangover you've ever had?

I've had quite a few in New York mainly from fancy cocktail bars where four drinks is probably the equivalent to 10. In America they free pour so it's impossible to know how much you're drinking!

Do you have a great hangover cure?

Do you have one?! I find time, food and water usually works.

What's the funniest joke you've heard?

Louis C.K. when he talks about being high with a group of fans at a car park in Kansas – it has me in hysterics every time.

Where do men go wrong with women?

I think when they try to pigeonhole you into what they think is a woman. I'm nothing like the stereotype.

What's one thing men should always know about women?

Let's just say foot rubs and compassion go a long way!

What's the naughtiest thing you've ever done in your life?

Yes, I did sneak into business class in the very beginning of my modelling days – I was over long-haul flights internationally in economy. It worked... although, not the second time.

You grew up in Sydney but live in Los Angeles. How often do you come back to Australia?

Quite a lot, which is challenging with a child now – her and that flight can be full-on, but I love bringing her home.

What's your remedy for homesickness when you're abroad?

Talking to my sisters.

What's the best Australia Day you've ever had?

Going to the Big Day Out every year when I was a teenager.

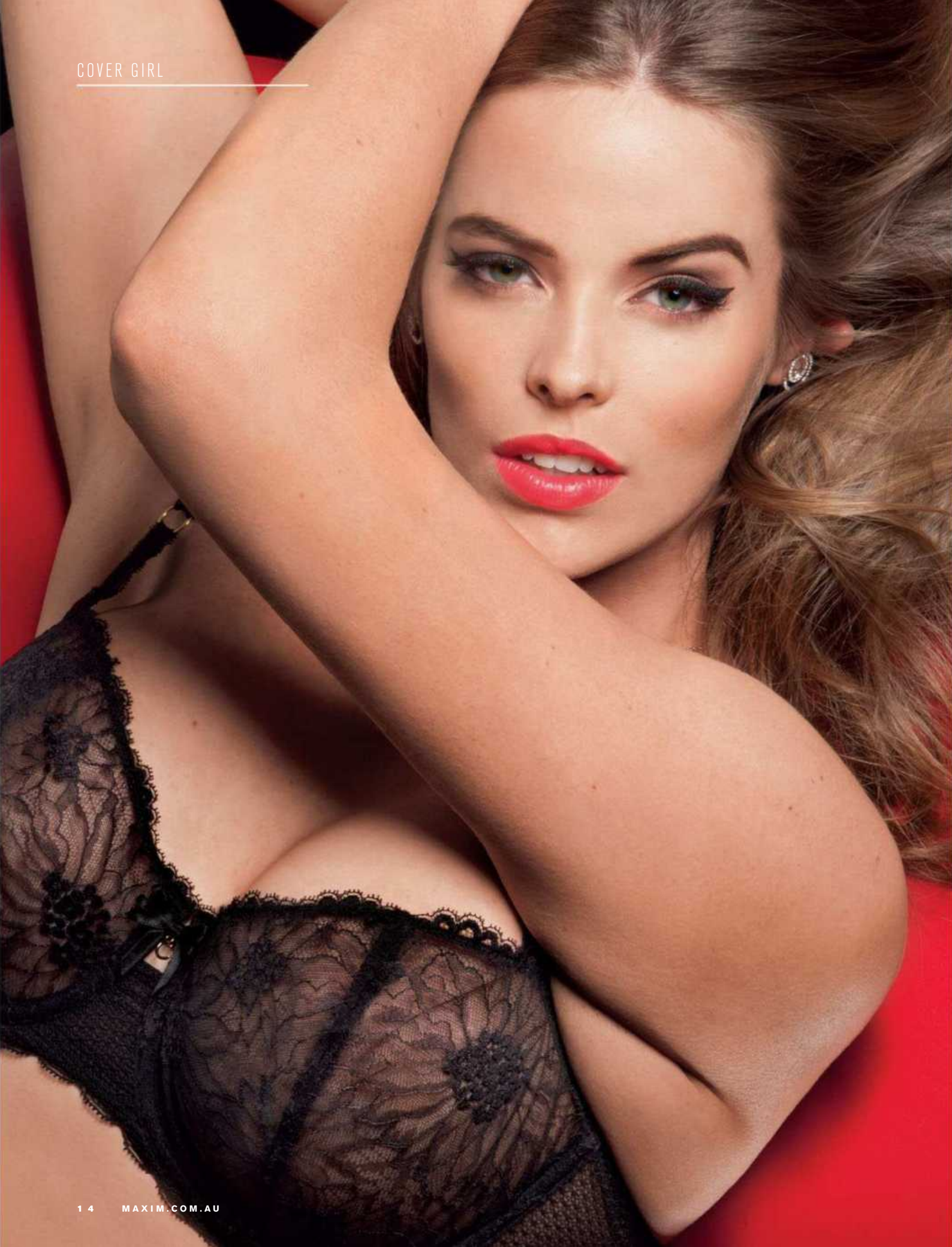
How do you celebrate Australia Day while abroad?

A group of my friends and I once celebrated at an Aussie bar in New York which was quite hilarious. Whenever Aussies get together overseas things just manage to go amuck.



KERRY ROCKS
PEARL NECKLACE
AT LILY & MITCHELL,
LILYANDMITCHELL.COM.AU

COVER GIRL



OPPOSITE PAGE:
SWAROVSKI EARRINGS
AT **SWAROVSKI.COM**

THIS PAGE:
CHARLOTTE EARRINGS AND
KERRY ROCKS NECKLACE
AT LILY & MITCHELL,
LILYANDMITCHELL.COM.AU



STATUS UPDATE

HOMETOWN:

Girraween, NSW

LIVES: Los Angeles, USA

BORN: June 13, 1989

HEIGHT: 188cm

FIVE-WORD SELF

DESCRIPTION: "Loyal, comedic, hippie, compassionate and tall."

FAVOURITE DRINK: "Malbec."

BIGGEST PHOBIA: "Eels, falling in water with loads of eels... nightmare!"

FAVOURITE MOVIE: "*The Lord of the Rings*, *Kill Bill*, *Star Wars* – the originals from the '70s, *Jurassic Park*. I can never choose."

GIRL CRUSH: "Definitely Angelina Jolie – she's a badass. I loved when her agent asked her if she wanted to be a Bond girl and she said she'd rather be James Bond."

HIDDEN TALENT:

"I have a back-up career in impersonations. The crowd favourite is definitely Gollum (from *The Lord of the Rings*)."

FAVOURITE TV SHOWS:

"*Peep Show*, *Game of Thrones*, *The Walking Dead*, *The Mighty Boosh*... I either love wacky, awkward comedy or extreme violence it seems."

LIFE MOTTO: "Treat this world now as your heaven."

INSTAGRAM: @robynlawley

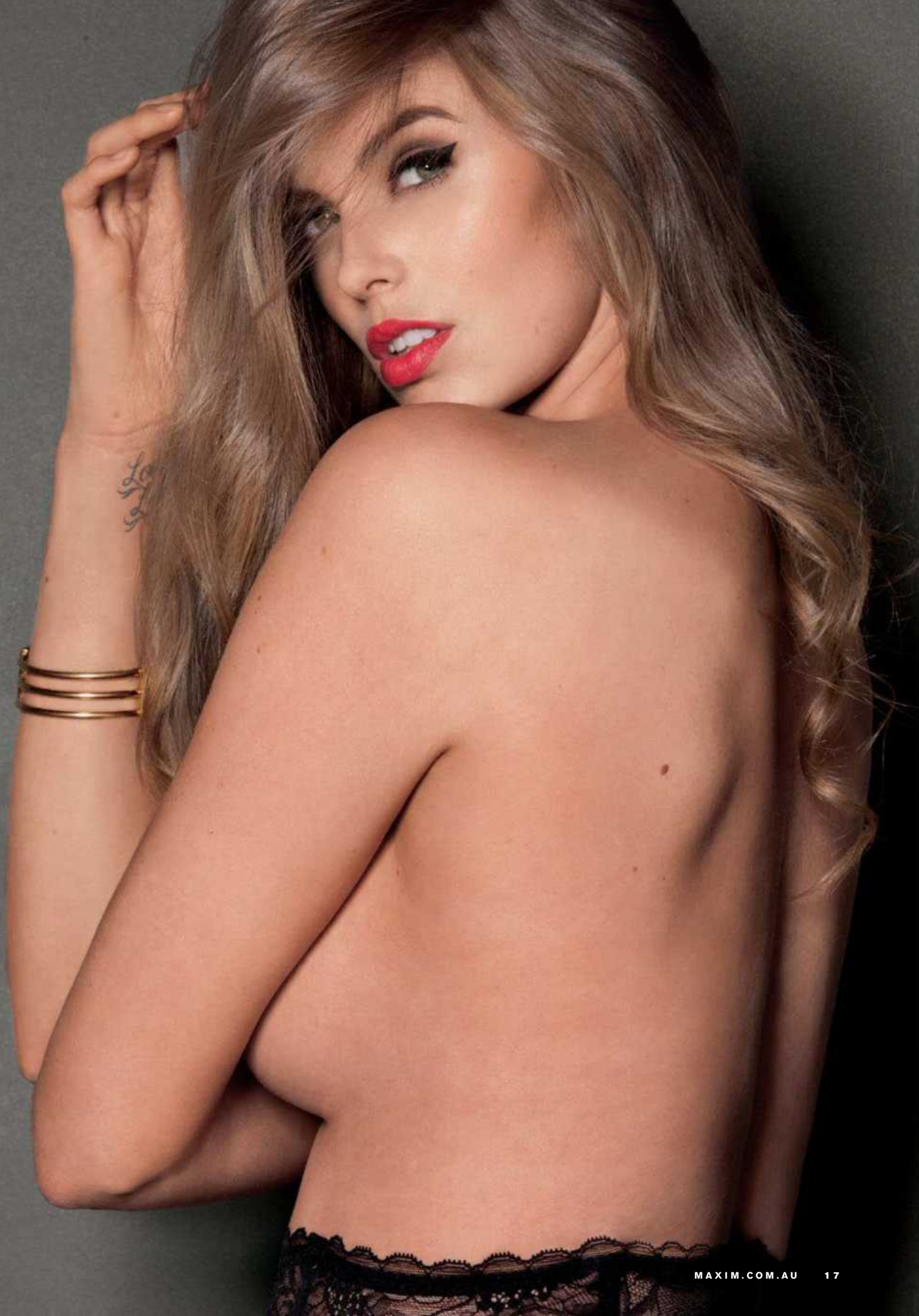
TWITTER: @Robynlawley

THIS PAGE:
TONY BIANCO HEELS AT
TONYBIANCO.COM.AU

OPPOSITE PAGE:
GIVENCHY BANGLE
AT **GIVENCHY.COM**

INTERVIEW
SANTI PINTADO
HAIR & MAKE-UP
HELEN SHIELDS
STYLING **CHERYL TAN**

ROBYN WEARS
CHANTELLE LINGERIE
WWW.CHANTELLE.COM



Australia's 10 Most Expensive Cars 2016

To afford one of the vehicles listed here, you may need to take out a bank loan or perhaps rob the bank itself. Just don't expect to see any Fords or Holdens featured. This is an all European affair – in ascending order of price and pimp

10. Aston Martin Vanquish

ENGINE: 5.9 litre naturally aspirated V12
TRANSMISSION: 8 speed electro-hydraulic manual
POWER: 424kW
TORQUE: 465 ft-pounds@5500 rpm
TOP SPEED: 317 km/h
0-100KM/H: 3.8 seconds
AUSSIE PRICE: \$521,995



Sneaking into the top 10 is Aston Martin; a brand slightly obsessed with incorporating only the highest quality parts into their vehicles – particularly the stainless steel/titanium variety. Their Vanquish entry is the preferred choice of one Mr James Bond – a man who is as super smooth as the gear changes of the 8 speed electro-hydraulic box. Thanks to AM engineers reducing its 0-100km/h sprint by a full half-second (this is A LOT in supercar speak), it's the fastest Martin in 100 years – meaning you'll never look at Bond chase scenes the same again. So, if you love Aston Martins, spies and a fridge full of martinis, this may just be special enough to justify buying. May.

8. Ferrari FF

ENGINE: 6.3 litre V12
TRANSMISSION: 7 speed F1 paddle shift
POWER: 485kW
TORQUE: 503 ft-pounds@5500 rpm
TOP SPEED: 335 km/h
0-100KM/H: 3.7 seconds
AUSSIE PRICE: \$625,000



If you want a Ferrari that makes a statement – pick any model; if you want a Ferrari that creates extreme polarising reactions that result in fist fights, the FF is your baby. Nicknamed the 'Clown Shoe', the 'Breadvan' and even the 'Ferrari Fail', its design style has always drawn a 'yes please' or a 'f-k no' response. But behind that long nose and stumpy rear end is Ferrari's first and only four-wheel drive, with an advanced all-wheel drive system able to instantly calculate power distribution for flawless traction under any conditions. Perhaps the cost and all the controversy is actually worth it.

6. Rolls-Royce Wraith

ENGINE: 6.6 litre twin-turbo V12
TRANSMISSION: 8 speed automatic
POWER: 465kW
TORQUE: 590 ft-pounds@1500 rpm
TOP SPEED: 250 km/h (electronically limited)
0-100KM/H: 4.4 seconds
AUSSIE PRICE: \$645,000

Despite being the cheapest Rolls-Royce on the market, the Wraith (essentially a two-door Ghost) makes it halfway up the rich list. The exterior/interior is so decadent – the silk is seamless and the dashboard alone features handcrafted wood that underwent a nine-day lacquering process. Under the hood, the twin-turbo V12 is so responsive to your every touch, and even though it's a bitch to insure and won't be doing the planet any favours, you'll be too busy doing laps of luxury to care.



9. Ferrari 458

ENGINE: 4.5 litre naturally aspirated V8
TRANSMISSION: 7 speed F1 dual clutch
POWER: 445kW
TORQUE: 398 ft-pounds@6000 rpm
TOP SPEED: 325 km/h
0-100KM/H: 3.0 seconds
AUSSIE PRICE: \$590,000



The bottom Ferrari on our list may be a junior but it's prettier, agile, and more driver-focused than the others – it's also available in Spider form if that's your poison. A supermodel it may be, but the naturally breathing V8 does anything but pose as it sends 445kW worth of Italian auto-sex down your spine. Despite this, Ferrari does offer a more hyperactive engine tune for more ticker, along with extra aero goodies to stick it to the road, and retro racing stripes for \$20,000. Quite a significant dent in the wallet for a car that doesn't even have carpet, but it's worth every pretty penny.

7. Mercedes-Benz SLS AMG Black Series

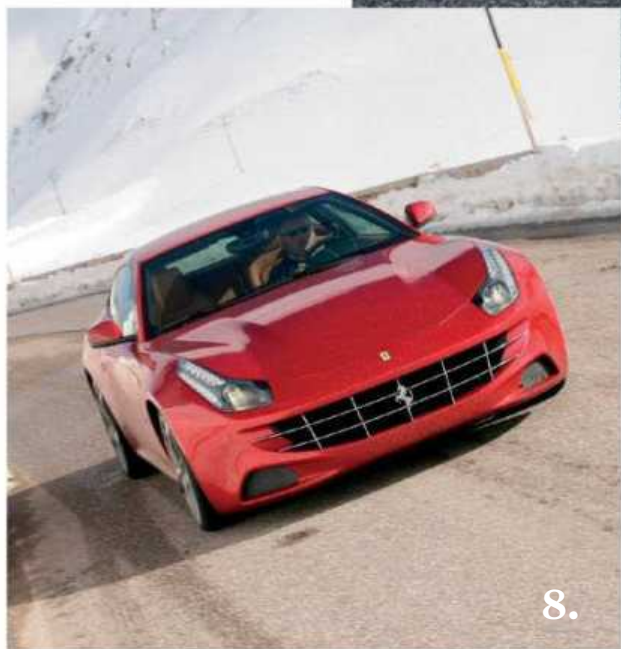
ENGINE: 6.3 litre V8
TRANSMISSION: 7 speed sports dual clutch
POWER: 464kW
TORQUE: 468 ft-pounds@5500 rpm
TOP SPEED: 315 km/h
0-100KM/H: 3.6 seconds
AUSSIE PRICE: \$639,000



Australia's premium Mercedes is the Black Series version of the already-awesome SLS AMG. Its 468 ft-pounds of torque give it freight train-like impact; but the ride/suspension is as comfortable as lying on a stone couch, and the interior only suits those who have lost all feeling in their backsides. In other words, your mini fortune will be spent on a racing car with number plates; one that probably shouldn't be used for runs to the local supermarket. If there was a prize for the rawest, most brutal Merc ever made, this would definitely win – or at least give you the most Benz for your buck.



10.



8.



9.



7.

5. Rolls-Royce Ghost

ENGINE: 6.6 litre twin-turbo V12
TRANSMISSION: 8 speed automatic
POWER: 420kW
TORQUE: 575 ft-pounds@1500 rpm
TOP SPEED: 248 km/h (electronically limited)
0-100KM/H: 4.7 seconds
AUSSIE PRICE: \$655,000



Inspired by the world of high-end fashion and based on the BMW 7 Series, the Rolls-Royce Ghost can provide the necessary luxuries to any chauffeur-driven snobs, and can also out-drive the 'bling king' Phantom. Despite sharing much DNA with BMW's 7-Series, the unique Rolls character carries through, with the V12 ride so smooth your champagne is in no danger of spilling. With a super plush interior that is more calming than Valium, it is one of the most elite 'entry level' models on earth – one which will satisfy owners even if they already have a Ferrari or two in their garage.

4. Bentley Mulsanne

ENGINE: 6.75 litre twin-turbo V8
TRANSMISSION: 8 speed automatic
POWER: 377kW
TORQUE: 811 ft-pounds@1750 rpm
TOP SPEED: 305 km/h
0-100KM/H: 4.9 seconds
AUSSIE PRICE: \$662,858



Not to be ignored, Bentley's only entry in the top 10 is a rare beast. Only 1000 Mulsannes are hand-built each year, using a coach building process using both modern and old-school tools – kinda fitting for a mobile museum used by heads of state and A-listers. The legendary twin-turbo V8 developing 1020Nm powers this hyper-luxurious sedan, while 16 full cow hides are used for the hand-selected interior leather. Just be wary of options; a rear-view camera is \$3700, and a premium sound system is an insane \$57,065. And we thought the cows got the raw deal.

1. Rolls-Royce Phantom

ENGINE: 6.75 litre V12
TRANSMISSION: 8 speed automatic
POWER: 338kW
TORQUE: 531 ft-pounds@1000 rpm
TOP SPEED: 241 km/h (electronically limited)
0-100KM/H: 5.7 seconds
AUSSIE PRICE: \$1,355,000

If you wipe your arse with \$100 notes and have Cristal on tap at home this is your vehicle. The Rolls-Royce Phantom is the pinnacle of the Aussie auto shopping list – where luxury is law and expense is an afterthought. Inspired by yachts from the 1930s, each Phantom is hand-built by 60 dedicated specialists. The 338kW V12 is more than capable of moving the mansion, and with 44,000 different palette options, every conceivable luxury has been accounted for – there are even personalised umbrellas stowed in the doorjamb if the weather rains on your parade. Money doesn't buy happiness but you won't see any Phantom owners crying any time soon.

3. Ferrari F12 Berlinetta

ENGINE: 6.3 litre V12
TRANSMISSION: 7 speed electroactuated sequential
POWER: 545kW
TORQUE: 509 ft-pounds@6000 rpm
TOP SPEED: 340 km/h
0-100KM/H: 3.1 seconds
AUSSIE PRICE: \$691,000



Since the LaFerrari is unavailable to us, the Ferrari F12 is the most expensive (and most powerful) Ferrari on sale in Australia. Its 6.3 litre V12 engine seems intent on ripping itself from the shackles of the chassis, and the monstrous carbon ceramic brakes will fill you with more trust than your last babysitter; meaning it can make quick work of an Enzo – and help you lose your licence even if you were driving through a car park. The addition of air funnels to the nose means there is no need for big wings and spoilers; the only spoiler here is your bank balance drains – but oh so worth it.

2. Lamborghini Aventador

ENGINE: 6.5 litre V12
TRANSMISSION: 7 speed semi-automatic
POWER: 552kW
TORQUE: 508 ft-pounds@5500 rpm
TOP SPEED: 350 km/h +
0-100KM/H: 2.8 seconds
AUSSIE PRICE: \$795,000



Did you think there would be a rich list with no bull? The Lamborghini Aventador may be runner up to the Rolls but it is the most expensive supercar in this land. Its design is inspired by a stealth bomber with sharp futuristic angles, but due to ever-tightening emissions restrictions, this exotic Italian has gone green. It has both engine stop-start and cylinder deactivation (turning V12 into straight six), which helps improve its economy by up to 20%. But make no mistake, the Aventador is still a proper street thug, cutting 0-100km/h in less than three seconds – meaning you're not just paying for a pretty face.





"Our excitement was unbelievable. The options on the GPX 5000 made this possible to pull two nuggets weighing 56oz and 60oz off flogged ground."

Mick C. - Australia

The thrill of the chase!

Find out more about Minelab's award winning range of Gold Detectors
Visit www.minelab.com or Call: 1800 637 786



We Change People's Fortunes



HEAD CASE

A high-octane helmet remade for every man

BY CHRIS NELSON



► A pro racer's helmet may look awesome, but you won't be happy in that thing: It's a noisy bullet designed to cut through hurricane-strength wind. That's why the Japanese manufacturer Arai retooled its top-of-the-line, \$5,500 helmet – the one MotoGP World Champion Nicky Hayden wears – to create the RX-Q, a street version that tops out at around \$1,000. "It's a much quieter, much more enjoyable experience for the rider who's not doing 290km/h," says Brian Weston, Arai Helmet managing director. It takes two weeks to build, which involves hand-shaping a reinforced resin shell over a nice, cushy interior. Leave the rough ride to the racers.

SHIMANO



TAKE THE HAGANE

FISHING CHALLENGE

SHIMANO'S HAGANE FISHING CHALLENGE WILL PUSH ANGLERS TO THEIR LIMITS AND SEPARATE THE ABLE FROM THE GREAT!

google search...

TAKE THE HAGANE FISHING CHALLENGE?

13 ROUNDS // PRIZE PACKS 52 UNIQUE CHALLENGES

Challenge Starts
4th of January 2016

Search "**take the Hagane fishing challenge**", fill in the form and you're good to go. You will receive an email each week with the week's challenges.



This is a challenge that will test even the greatest of anglers. Every week Shimano will distribute a unique fishing challenge and give you 7 days to complete it. There are **13 ROUNDS** throughout the year with a new challenge every week.

At the end of one round (4 challenges) the aggregate winner will take home a **HARVEY NORMAN PRIZE PACK WORTH \$1000!**



Terms and Conditions apply, visit www.haganechallenge.com for all your details

shimanofish.com.au | facebook.com/Shimano.Fish | youtube.com/ShimanoAustralia

ICON

Q U E N T I N TARANTINO

THE ILLUSTRIOUS WRITER, DIRECTOR, PRODUCER, AND SOMETIMES ALRIGHT ACTOR, TALKS ABOUT HIS NEW FILM *THE HATEFUL EIGHT*, HIS 'TARANTINO SUPERSTARS', AUSTRALIAN FOLK SONGS, AND WHAT HE'S LEARNT ABOUT LOVE



HHEY, QUENTIN, CONGRATS ON THE *HATEFUL EIGHT*. WHAT MADE YOU WANT TO DO A POST-CIVIL WAR MOVIE?

Thanks. I don't know if I sat down and thought about doing a movie about the post-Civil War. It was more a situation where I picked a post-Civil War time and then took a bunch of nefarious characters and trapped them in a room during a raging three-day blizzard. Some of them to some degree or another had some experiences with the Civil War as I just explored what would happen to these characters and for that situation these concerns came out.

HOW DID YOU CAST THE ACTORS FOR THIS MOVIE?

It was a pretty easy movie to cast because for the majority of the characters I ended up writing for specific actors in particular. And this is kind of the attraction to the movie – basically writing a real dense piece of material that really would be actor oriented and then writing it for what I refer to as the Tarantino Superstars – you know, Sam Jackson, Kurt Russell, Tim Roth, Michael Madsen... they are all Tarantino Superstars.

THE *HATEFUL EIGHT* IS YOUR SIXTH COLLABORATION WITH SAMUEL L. JACKSON. IS THERE A CLAUSE WHEREBY HE NEEDS TO APPEAR IN ANY MOVIE YOU DO?

It's not so much a clause but he just does my dialogue er... fairly well. I'm actually very lucky when it comes to this and it's wonderful because he's the real actor. Whether it's *Jackie Brown* or *The Hateful Eight*, he's one of the elite. In the case of *Django Unchained* he was happy to play Stephen and practically steals the show in the second half of the movie – and that was a really tricky character but he had no qualms about it. He just jumped in with both feet and gave one of the best performances in any of my movies ever. That's where I'm, in particular, writing for him but he also actually just likes my movies. Like, he'll get the script for say *Inglourious Basterds* and call me up and say, "Ah, why

don't I be The Narrator." And I'm like, "You want to be The Narrator?" Then he's like, "Well, it's the only part I can play, so I'll be The Narrator. I can't be that French brother so let me be The Narrator."

SO HE BASICALLY PICKS AND CHOOSES WHAT ROLE HE WANTS?

If there's not an obvious part for him he looks for other parts. I told Jamie Foxx this and he was like, "What, you mean that shit works?" I said to him, "Well, when it's Sam it works. It doesn't work for everybody."

WHAT DID YOU THINK OF SAM'S WORK IN *SNAKES ON A PLANE*?

Oh, I can't imagine *Snakes On A Plane* without Sam Jackson. You need him as much as you need the snakes.

YOU SOMETIMES INCLUDE SOME AUSTRALIAN FLAVOUR IN YOUR FILMS AND WITHOUT GIVING AWAY TOO MUCH, THERE'S A SCENE IN *THE HATEFUL EIGHT* WHERE JENNIFER JASON LEIGH'S CHARACTER SINGS AN AUSTRALIAN FOLK SONG. TELL US MORE ABOUT THIS.

Well there's a big section in the film where Jennifer Jason Leigh sings, in its entirety, the Australian folk song "Jim Jones at Botany Bay". It's a big sequence in the movie where she just grabs a guitar and sings the whole song. I've always liked it, it's a terrific song, and I wanted her to sing a song from that era that would be appropriate for her character because she's grounded – she's been brought by bounty hunters into a town where she'll be hanged. And "Jim Jones at Botany Bay" is written about the British convicts sent to Australia when it was just a penal colony. So, it matches her dilemma in a very interesting way.

SPEAKING OF WOMEN, WHAT LESSONS, OVER THE YEARS, HAVE YOU LEARNED ABOUT THEM, AND, IN PARTICULAR, ABOUT LOVE?

Ah... well, if you ask the people who are really close to me, they would probably say not a whole hell of a lot. I guess I've learned

very well that love is something that one can easily do without.

DO YOU THINK ANY OF YOUR PAST OR PRESENT WORK HAS EVER BEEN UNDER-APPRECIATED?

Ah... not really. As time goes on that's kind of the hope. You make a movie and it does what it does when it comes out but then you hope there's a deeper understanding of that. And I also realise that my movies play all over the world so the perception is not always the same. For instance, the film I did that was part of the *Grindhouse* double-feature, with Robert Rodriguez's *Death Proof*, is not really well thought of that much in America. People think a little bit better of it now, particularly young girls who have just discovered and appreciated it. But it's BELOVED in France.

It was on the cover of *Cahiers du cinéma* – TWICE – and they think, as far as script structure is concerned, it's one of my audacious films.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE QUENTIN TARANTINO MOVIE?

It is hard to pick one just because I like different ones for different reasons. Like, it's hard not to choose *Reservoir Dogs*, when you ask a question like that, because it was the first one and because I did a good job on it and was then able to make all the other ones. At the same time, I think *Kill Bill* is probably my most cinematic and most visionary movie. At the same time, *The Hateful Eight* and *Inglourious Basterds* are my most literary. So you know, it all just depends.

"IF YOU FEEL
THERE'S A FIGHT
ABOUT TO GO
DOWN, PUNCH
FIRST. AND
MAKE IF COUNT."

WOULD YOU EVER LIKE TO DO A REBOOT OF A MOVIE?

Well, I have a weird aspect about what constitutes a reboot versus a remake. I'm still a little unsure about that to some degree, but here's the thing about that – it sounds like a great idea, and I've thought of different things that would be real fun to do that with, but at the same time while it would be fun, I don't really see myself dedicating a year-and-a-half of my life to it. When compared to me just looking at a blank piece of paper and coming up with my own original stories I think this is more or less why I was put on Earth. You know, as opposed to doing another *Star Trek* movie.

DO YOU STILL COLLECT A LOT OF MOVIES ON THE VHS FORMAT?

Oh yeah. You see, VHS is a terrific format for saving things. In particular, it's wonderful for archival purposes. I bought the inventory for video archive so I still have all those and watch them a lot. I've got ones from WAY back – a couple from the very first days of video dating back to 1978/1979. But even when I tape movies off the TV I keep them on VHS to save.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IS YOUR GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT?

Hmmm... well, I'm still really proud of having won The Palme d'Or for *Pulp Fiction* at the Cannes Film Festival back in 1994. But I'm not sure if it's my greatest achievement because I guess the actual work is the achievement. However, as far as a career marker it's a very good trophy.

FINALLY, YOU'VE DONE A LOT OF FIGHT SCENES OVER THE YEARS. WHAT'S ONE THING TO ALWAYS REMEMBER IN A FIGHT?

Go with the law of averages and basically this is – whoever punches who in the face first usually ends up winning the fight. So, if you feel there's a fight about to go down, punch first. And make if count. ■

THE *HATEFUL EIGHT* IS IN MOVIE THEATRES NOW

MODEL NUMBER	YEAR RELEASED	ORIGINAL PRICE (US\$)	RESALE AVERAGE (US\$)	PERCENTAGE CHANGE (%)	
XXIX	2014	\$225	\$175	-22%	Lightest AJ ever
XXVIII	2013	\$250	\$360	+44%	
XXVII	2012	\$180	\$75	-58%	
XXVI	2011	\$170	\$100	-41%	
XXV	2010	\$170	\$95	-44%	Hidden MJ quote on midsole
XXIV	2009	\$190	\$135	-30%	First AJ named for year it was released
XXIII	2008	\$185	\$245	+32%	Was rumored to be the final AJ
XXII	2007	\$165	\$165	0%	
XXI	2006	\$180	\$465	+158%	MJ buys minority stake in Charlotte Bobcats
XX	2005	\$175	\$225	+29%	
XIX	2004	\$165	\$210	+27%	
XVIII	2003	\$175	\$315	+80%	Last shoes worn as active NBA player
XVII	2002	\$200	\$245	+23%	
XVI	2001	\$160	\$270	+69%	MJ returns to NBA with Washington Wizards
XV	1999	\$150	\$235	+57%	AJ modelled after X-15 jet developed by NASA in the '50s
XIV	1998	\$135	\$235	+74%	MJ wins sixth and final NBA title / Last shoes MJ wears as a Bull
XIII	1997	\$150	\$375	+150%	
XII	1996	\$135	\$300	+122%	MJ wins fifth NBA title / AJ worn during legendary "flu game"
XI	1995	\$125	\$395	+216%	MJ wins fourth NBA title, leads Bulls to 72-win season / First patent-leather basketball sneaker / Appears in <i>Space Jam</i>
X	1994	\$125	\$300	+140%	MJ comes out of retirement and rejoins the Chicago Bulls
IX	1993	\$125	\$350	+180%	MJ plays baseball for Chicago White Sox minor league team / MJ never wore on court (only as baseball cleats) / On MJ statue outside the United Center in Chicago
VIII	1993	\$125	\$350	+180%	MJ wins NBA title and seventh-straight scoring title / Scores 20,000th point / Retires from NBA
VII	1991	\$125	\$475	+280%	MJ clinches NBA title and Olympic Gold with 1992 Dream Team / In commercials with Bugs Bunny, introducing "Hare Jordan" nickname
VI	1990	\$125	\$1K	+700%	MJ wins first NBA title / Customised VI's were part of the Batsuit worn by Michael Keaton in 1992's <i>Batman Returns</i>
V	1990	\$125	\$1K	+700%	First basketball sneaker to use reflective 3M material
IV	1989	\$110	\$1K	+810%	AJ worn during legendary jumper, "the shot," over defender Craig Ehlo / Seen in the movie <i>Do the Right Thing</i>
III	1988	\$100	\$1.2K	+1.1K%	MJ wins Slam Dunk Contest, NBA scoring title, and MVP / AJ debuts Jumpman logo, elephant print, tumbled leather, and first mid-cut basketball shoe / Featured in Spike Lee's Mars Blackmon ads
II	1986	\$100	\$900	+800%	The Swoosh disappears / Italian-made and designed to resemble dress shoes / MJ sets NBA postseason scoring record
I	1985	\$65	\$1.9K	+2.9K%	NBA fines MJ US\$5,000 per game for wearing red/black colorways / Only AJ with Nike Swoosh on side / MJ wins Rookie of the Year with the Chicago Bulls



Air Power

As the Air Jordan turns 30, and the latest pair is released this month, Nike's most iconic sneaker is still dunking on its competitors

CALL THEM THE DREAM TEAM OF SNEAKER CULTURE: Hoops legend Michael Jordan and Nike visionary Tinker Hatfield (who designed 19 out of 29 Air Jordans) together created one of the most successful athletic brands ever. Though Jordan retired for the third and final time in 2003, J's are still flying out of stores. Sales jumped 17 percent last year to US\$2.6 billion, according to *SportScanInfo*, and they still sell eight times the annual number of Nike LeBrons. Why are Air Jordans more relevant than ever? Well, as Mars Blackmon used to say, "It's gotta be the shoes."

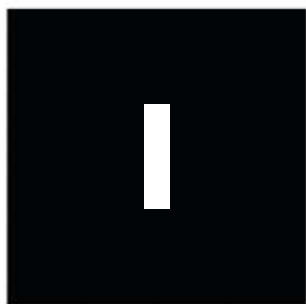
BY GUSTAVO GONZALEZ AND CHRIS WILSON



THE PIGEON'S AUSTRALIAN XIII

In his new audiobook, *Test of Will*, former Aussie cricket champ Glenn McGrath reflects on the events that have helped shape his life, both on and off the pitch. Delivering a moving personal account of his trials and triumphs, the man they call 'Pigeon' delves into his legendary career, special teammate bonds, classic battles with other greats, and the death of his first wife, Jane. Here, in this special extract, he selects his greatest Australian Test team ever

BY GLENN McGRATH



I've never thought much about picking my best-ever Australian Test team because in my opinion whatever team I was selected for, be it for a Test match or World Cup game, I believed it was the best national side possible for that particular game. I always believed the Australian team was selected on form, and, now I have had a chance to think long

and hard about it, I realise I was fortunate to have played in a talent-rich era. The guys I played alongside from 1993-07 included the likes of Michael Slater, Mark Taylor, Damien Martyn, Michael Bevan, Damien Fleming, Greg Blewett, Stuart MacGill, Darren Lehmann, Michael Clarke, Simon Katich, Andrew Symonds, Shaun Tait, Michael Hussey and Shane Watson – all of who should feel entitled to be named in many of these 'best-ever' teams. When I sat down to select my team during a lull in my commitments at the MRF Pace Foundation, I really wrestled with this job because I think it is an exercise that can risk bruising the egos of the friends I leave out. Nevertheless, I've bitten the bullet and among the criteria I've used to select my crew is consistency, character, ability to perform under pressure, and effort. It's taken me the better part of a week, but after much deliberation and scribbling on hundreds

of pages, I have come up with a 13-man squad to take on the world. It is as follows:

Matthew Hayden, Justin Langer, Ricky Ponting, Mark Waugh, Steve Waugh, Allan Border (captain), Adam Gilchrist, Brett Lee, Shane Warne, Craig McDermott, Jason Gillespie, Andy Bichel and Michael Kasprovicz. I'd like to think the selections are seen by even the harshest critic as 'givens'. After all, Langer and Hayden formed one of cricket's most successful opening combinations. Ricky Ponting is the second most successful run-scorer in Test cricket history. Twins Steve and



WICKET TAKER:
Glenn McGrath
claims one of
his 563 career
Test scalps

**"I ALWAYS BELIEVED
THE AUSTRALIAN
TEAM WAS
SELECTED ON FORM,
AND, NOW I HAVE
HAD A CHANCE TO
THINK LONG AND
HARD ABOUT IT."**



IN THE SHEDS POST-MATCH
(from left to right): Michael Slater,
Justin Langer, Steve Waugh, Glenn
McGrath and Mark Waugh celebrate
a win in the team change rooms

Mark Waugh were so different in their approaches to the game, but they brought unique and invaluable traits to their teams. Allan Border was perhaps the bravest player to ever wear the baggy green cap because he was targeted by the opposing pace attacks. Adam Gilchrist is arguably the greatest batsman-keeper cricket has ever seen. Brett Lee's longevity as a genuine pace bowler – he was still bowling in the high 140s at 38 years of age – puts him in a league of his own. Do I really need to justify Shane Warne as a walk-up starter? Craig McDermott carried the burden as Australian cricket's great spearhead after Lillee and Thomson retired and he did an outstanding job. Jason Gillespie was a quality bowler who I was fortunate to have partner me in many tough battles. My 12th and 13th men, the big-hearted Queenslanders Andy Bichel and Michael Kasprowicz, were two of the greatest team men you could have wanted on tour or in the dressing room because they threw themselves into their roles. I think it's a well-balanced team and while there are three captains in my squad, four if you include Adam Gilchrist who led the team on a couple of occasions, I am certain that both Steve and Rick would have no objections to my decision to bestow the title on Allan Border. I have named him as my skipper because of the job he did to single-handedly drag Australian cricket from an era where it had struggled – after being gutted by the impact of the World Series Cricket war and then rebel tours to South Africa robbing the establishment of its experienced and best performers – to reach the top of the world; an effort that was realised in the 1987 World Cup victory over England in India.

So, it's been a long process and without any further ado it's my pleasure to introduce the Pigeon's Australian XIII to take on all comers... (Glenn discusses all the players on his list but here's what he has to say about one of his favourites teammates, Matthew Hayden – Ed)

"You never want an Australian with his back against the wall. Put any 12 blokes together and you'll get a job done. Whether it's getting a bogged four-wheel-drive off the beach or standing in front of a cricket wicket and making sure we're in a dominant position. It's the same dog, different leg action, so to speak." – 'Haydos' on the Aussie spirit

FULL NAME:

Matthew Lawrence Hayden

NICKNAME: Haydos

BIRTHDATE:

October 29, 1971

BIRTHPLACE:

Kingaroy, Queensland

MAJOR TEAMS: Australia,

Queensland, Brisbane Heat,
Chennai Super Kings, Hampshire,
ICC World XI, Northamptonshire

ROLE: Opening batsman

BATTING STYLE: Left-hand bat

BOWLING STYLE:

Right-arm medium

TESTS: 103

TEST DEBUT: v South Africa at
Johannesburg, March 4-8, 1994

LAST TEST: v South Africa
at Sydney, January 3-7, 2009

TEST RUNS: 8625

HIGHEST SCORE: 380



AVERAGE: 50.73

STRIKE RATE: 60.10

TEST CENTURIES: 30

CATCHES: 128

ONE-DAY

INTERNATIONALS: 161

RUNS: 6133

HIGHEST SCORE: 181*

AVERAGE: 43.80

STRIKE RATE: 78.96

ODI CENTURIES: 10

CATCHES: 68

NB: * denotes not out

Few batsmen went out of their way to impose themselves on the opposition's bowling attack quite like Matthew Hayden. Tall, powerfully built and boasting a chest that always seemed to make his shirts appear a size too small, Matt had a formidable physique. Over the years his menacing presence (and ability to murder the attack) resulted in him being described by sportswriters and commentators as a 'bully and a brute'. As I say, he differed to other batsmen because he was happy to get to the crease, scratch around like an old chook, squat and stretch, and before the first ball was bowled he'd get stuck into the bowlers by shouting out to them that they were 'rubbish'. While some might consider that an act of lunacy, Haydos did it to fire himself up, and just for good measure he targeted the biggest and the best in the opposition's attack. For instance, when we played against Pakistan Matt would go out of his way to pick out their express bowler Shoaib Akhtar and let him know that he didn't have too high an opinion of the way he bowled, and it lit the fuse for a duel. I view Matt's approach to psyching himself up as the ultimate sign of a batsman backing himself, because getting into the bowler's face was a different approach to that of the vast majority of batsmen who liked to overcome the opening bombardment and ease themselves into their innings.

The record book shows how good a batsman he was – only nine batsmen in the history of Test cricket scored more than his 30 centuries and the list contains the likes of Sachin Tendulkar, Jacques Kallis, Ricky Ponting, Kumar Sangakkara, Brian Lara, Sunil Gavaskar and Steve Waugh. He opened the innings for the Australian Test team at a time when we'd set the goal to score at four runs per over – a big ask – and he did his best to get the ball rolling every time he took strike by unleashing powerful drives or hitting balls over mid-wicket. We all treasured our baggy green cap but it had extra meaning to him because few batsmen were made to work as hard to secure their spot as Matt. He was given his first taste of Test cricket in 1994 but it wasn't until after Australia's 2001 tour of India, when he scored 549 runs in the three-Test series at an average of 109.8, that he cemented his place in the team. It's worth pointing out the secret to his success during that trip to India was that in the weeks before we left he spent plenty of time playing against spin bowlers in Brisbane on churned-up pitches – and it worked a treat when he had to face the music on the subcontinent.

He held the world record Test score, with 380 against Zimbabwe before Brian Lara hammered 400 against England. In terms of Australia's greatest one-day international players, he rates alongside Michael Bevan and Dean Jones. He is religious and would cross himself after a century. I think the man upstairs looked after him one particular night in South Africa when Haydos did a nude surf on the cable car that took the team to the top of Table Mountain – 1,086 metres above sea level – after Australia won the opening Test of the 2006 series against South Africa. Adam Gilchrist spilt the beans on this story and it's worth repeating. The team was taken up there late at night to sing our victory song *Under The Southern Cross* and, as Gilchrist recalled, our opener stripped down to his birthday suit, pushed the latch to open the manhole in the roof of the car, and despite the dangerous winds that swirled around him he cable-car surfed wearing only an Australian flag draped around his shoulders.

That was Matt Hayden, whether it was giving lip to the world's fastest bowlers to fire himself up, or stripping for the ride of his life thousands

of feet above the earth; he had the ability to surprise anyone. When he retired I said it had been an honour to play alongside Matt Hayden and that it was a privilege to call him my 'mate', and I meant it. I also meant it when I said he'd be picked in any of the teams I have played for and I'm making good on that right now by naming the big Queenslander as one of my openers. ■

**"AMONG THE
CRITERIA I'VE USED
TO SELECT MY CREW
IS CONSISTENCY,
CHARACTER, ABILITY
TO PERFORM UNDER
PRESSURE, AND
EFFORT."**

Test of Will,
published by
Allen & Unwin,
is now available
for RRP \$35.00,
and from
audible.com.au
where new
customers can
download the
audiobook free
with a 30-day trial



TEAM MAN:
McGrath walks
out onto the
SCG behind
Shane Warne

V I N D I E S E L

THE LAST WITCH HUNTER

LIVE FOREVER.
HUNT FOREVER.



OWN IT ON DIGITAL HD FEBRUARY 27
ON BLU-RAY & DVD MARCH 3

SANITY
GREAT SERVICE. GREAT VALUE

Get it on
iTunes

eOne

SCORE ALBUM AVAILABLE
ON **MILAN RECORDS**

[NYSE: LGE]
TM & © 2013 Summit Entertainment, LLC.
All Rights Reserved.



ANATOMY OF AN ATHLETE:

The Rugby Player

Australian Men's Rugby Sevens skipper ED JENKINS takes us through his workout regime and diet tips

BY SANTI PINTADO

POWER CLEAN ⁽¹⁾

The Power Clean is one the main exercises used to develop lower body explosiveness and power. Along with other lower body power movements (Snatch and Jump Squat for example) they are great as done properly they allow athletes to achieve triple extension. Triple extension is extension at the ankle, knee and hip joint. Power Cleans are a very technical movement and need to be performed with good technique to allow maximum benefit from the lift. As well as the development in lower body power, the power clean can greatly assist with lower body coordination.

HIGH INTENSITY REPEAT EFFORTS ⁽²⁻³⁾

This is what the game or Rugby Sevens is all about. There is little to no point in blistering speed if it can't be repeated. We aim to improve the repeatability of the rugby Sevens players by doing high intensity repeat efforts or repeat speed. This is typically done over 30m-40m, with times varying from every 30 to 45seconds. This allows the athlete to be able to run at over 90% of their maximum velocity in each effort. By doing this it has significantly improved the repeatability of our Rugby Sevens players.

RESISTED BAND SPRINTS ⁽⁴⁻⁶⁾

Many of the lower body strength and power exercises seen in gyms help to develop vertical force production. The band resisted sprints are a great way to develop horizontal force development which is essential in Rugby Sevens. Horizontal force development can assist by improving maximum velocity in sprinting. These can be done with a heavy elastic band or a upper body harness. These are done over 10-20m in distance with a moderate resistance.

BACK SQUAT ⁽⁷⁻⁹⁾

This is the key lower body lift used by the Australian Sevens program as it trains a lot of large muscle groups at the same time as well as training movement patterns that are relied upon heavily in rugby (hip and knee extension and torso stability). The squat can be loaded as such to increase strength development in players which is vital in becoming an elite Sevens player. The strength developed from the squat also allows our players to increase their speed. Due to its scope for loading, the large amount of muscles it recruits and the large degree of hip extension, knee extension and torso stability. Due to these factors there has been a direct link from increased strength to increase running velocity.

DEADLIFT ⁽¹⁰⁻¹²⁾

Another key Lower Body lift for any rugby player. This is primarily used to increase strength and power through the hips. By building strength through the hips you also build strength through the lower back, hamstrings and glutes. This helps Rugby Sevens players to increase their maximum velocity with running. Not only does this help with performance, being strong through the posterior chain is great for injury prevention. Strength is king, so by building up your posterior chain to be as strong as possible it also prevents injury, most commonly seen by a hamstring injury.

YOU CAN WATCH ED AND THE AUSTRALIAN SEVENS TEAM TAKE ON THE WORLD AT THE SYDNEY 7s ON FEBRUARY 6 AND 7. TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR \$30 VIA WWW.SYDNEY7S.COM.AU



DIET ADVICE:

WITH A SEVENS TOURNAMENT IT IS QUITE HARD WITH MULTIPLE GAMES THROUGH THE DAY – WE ENCOURAGE PLAYERS TO SNACK LOTS THROUGH THE DAY.

- Nutrition timing is the key – eat good doses of carbs and protein after each training session.
- Eat whole foods, avoiding processed food.
- Eat as much as the players want of good food on tournament days.



1. POWER CLEAN



2. HIGH INTENSITY REPEAT EFFORTS



3. HIGH INTENSITY REPEAT EFFORTS



4. RESISTED BAND SPRINTS



5. RESISTED BAND SPRINTS



6. RESISTED BAND SPRINTS



7. BACK SQUAT



8. BACK SQUAT



9. BACK SQUAT



10. DEADLIFT



11. DEADLIFT



12. DEADLIFT

LUXURY HOLIDAY GETAWAYS

PERFECT 10

1.

Australia's sandy beaches, Red Centre and, of course, the rather large rock in the middle have made sure our natural attributes are well known. But finding the best places to lay your head among this riot of beauty takes some digging – preferably amid the pages of **The VIP Sydney's Little Black Book** of everything luxury. Here's our top holiday escapes, chosen not simply for being five star but also for having a special “something” which makes them truly unique

EDITED BY BRONWEN GORA

Karim Gharbi is renown in his hometown of Sydney for being at the cutting edge of the society and celebrity scenes. The director of elite concierge service The VIP Australia, he joins MAXIM to share his expertise on emerging trends in all things lifestyle.



Southern Ocean Lodge

Kingscote, SOUTH AUSTRALIA (1)

Southern Ocean Lodge bills itself as Australia's first true luxury lodge, and they certainly do seem to have this whole luxury business figured out. Firstly, the lodge itself is of an upscale contemporary yet quirky aesthetic – imagine the sort of place the animated space family, *The Jetsons*, would have built had they been cast as multi-millionaires. Secondly, its designed with so much ceiling-to-floor glass that it is impossible not to drink in the view of this far flung part of Australia and the Southern Ocean all day, every day, from anywhere in the lodge. The princely packages include all kinds of excursions into the surrounding landscape that is often likened to a zoo without fencing.

Saffire Freycinet

Coles Bay, TASMANIA (2)

This coastal sanctuary is aimed at nature buffs with enough coin to be able to enjoy the finer things in life – like never having to see a soul while visiting the most beautiful of isolated beaches, bushland settings and islands with your special someone. Saffire offers three kinds of rooms, luxury suites, signature suites and private pavilions – all surrounded by the wild beauty of the Hazards Mountains, Freycinet Peninsula and the ocean beyond. Saffire is located on Tasmania's wild east coast about two and a half hours from Hobart.

Orpheus Island

Great Barrier Reef, QUEENSLAND (3)

You will be as relaxed as the abundant marine life virtually outside your front door on Orpheus, a place that easily falls into the “paradise on earth” category. Don't try to count this marine life though as it could cause some stress: there are about 1,100 fish and about 350 coral species – that ‘they’ know of. Access to this pocket of tropical bliss is gained via Townsville. Orpheus is the kind of place where modern technology is shunned in favour of massages, playing in the sea, eating, sleeping and simply being peaceful.

Emirates One&Only Wolgan Valley

Wolgan Valley, NSW (4)

Experience outback excellence (or close to it) with a visit to Emirates One&Only resort in Australia. The retreat occupies a tiny fraction of a 7,000-acre conservancy reserve, nestled between the Wollemi National Park and the Gardens of Stone National Park in the Greater Blue Mountains World Heritage Area. This makes it a goldmine for anyone wanting to enjoy the best of Australia's natural flora and fauna. They can do so in absolute comfort too, with accommodation in any of 40 elegant, private villas with private pools and verandas with stunning views of the valley and sandstone escarpments. Truly amazing.

InterContinental Melbourne The Rialto

Melbourne, VICTORIA (5)

Overused cliché we know but 'best of both worlds' is exactly what this place provides. The InterContinental offers first class designer digs within a heritage building, smack in Melbourne's hot little heart. Spectacular modern interior design bewilders and delights once you step inside the sprawling foyer and soaring atrium. When it comes to the accommodation, no two rooms are the same thanks to the unique casing in which they sit, but all are fitted with latest technology including top-of-the-line beds. It's all quite grand and romantic which also makes the InterContinental a perfect weekend base for a couple's getaway to the southern capital.



Sequoia Penthouse

Thredbo, NSW (6)

This mountain eyrie is the crown jewel of Thredbo's premium accommodation and is just as good in the summer as it is in the winter. Offered by leading holiday provider Visit Snowy Mountains, Sequoia is where you can live like the King of the Mountain and survey your domain from any of five balconies or the sprawling lounge. Hire a team of servants, serve champagne as you soak in the lavish bath and serve a royal feast prepared in the state-of-the-art kitchen. There's a dining setting for 10, and everything you do is shrouded in privacy as the penthouse covers an entire floor and shares no common walls.

Qualia Resort

Hamilton Island, QUEENSLAND (7)

Beyond Noosa further north is Qualia, a place that people talk about in hallowed tones thanks to the meticulous care taken to ensure one's worries are cast asunder into the surrounding Coral Sea. Gaze out at azure waters from the infinity pool of your elegantly-designed pavilion and relax among the understated interior before taking in a spa treatment and dining on fabulous cuisine. Architecturally brilliant, qualia's 60 pavilions are built to capture sea breezes and provide the perfect place to relax and unwind. Qualia is the result of Hamilton Island's owner Bob Oatley realising his vision for an ultra luxury adjunct to his already popular holiday retreat.

Capella Lodge

Lord Howe Island, NSW (8)

Lord Howe is a stunning ecological wonder and Capella matches its natural beauty in every material way possible. Most importantly, it has been designed to encapsulate the ocean and mountain views from its contemporary, sophisticated interior. Vistas of turquoise waters, beaches and mountains will eventually tempt you outside into one of the most unique island environments found in the country. Capella is more minimalist than fussy – as its creators have been wise enough to realise, competing with the surroundings in any way would be meaningless.

Sal Salis Ningaloo Reef

Exmouth, WEST AUSTRALIA (9)

This is outback glamping at its most extreme and exquisite. Sal Salis is truly as magnificent as its breathtaking setting amid the sand dunes overlooking Ningaloo Reef. By night be seduced by service matching

anything delivered by the world's best hotels; by day, swim with the world's largest fish, whale sharks, or be guided through the Mandu Mandu Gorge, a place that has supported human habitation for up to 30,000 years. Sal Salis has only nine wilderness tents ingeniously equipped with the kinds of luxuries you probably haven't even thought of for your own home. Located 90 minutes drive from Exmouth Airport, two hours from Perth, or a 60-minute drive from the town's centre.

Seahaven Noosa

Noosa Heads, QUEENSLAND (10)

It doesn't get much better than being in a lovely new apartment with Australia's most fashionable tropical beach on one side and the hip strip of Hastings St on the other. In summer Noosa becomes a magnet for media personalities, celebrities, visiting rock stars and everyone who likes to see and be seen. Seahaven opens straight onto Main Beach, and at the rear, onto the funky/chic main strip of Hastings St. This is definitely the place to parade in front of upscale boutiques, cafes, restaurants and bars and cafes. Do it.

THE VIP AUSTRALIA CAN ARRANGE ANY LUXURY EXPERIENCE FOR YOU. FOR MORE INFO GO TO

THEVIPAUSTRALIA.COM



Spice & Fire

HEAT UP YOUR COCKTAILS WITH A
JACK DANIEL'S OLD NO.7 SPICED MULE
 OR FIRE IT UP WITH THE NEW
JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE FIRE

PREPARATION:

35 seconds

GLASS:

Highball

GARNISH:

Mint sprig

INGREDIENTS:

- 45ml Jack Daniel's Old No.7
- 2 lime wedges squeezed
- 3 dashes of aromatic bitters
- Bundaberg Ginger Beer

METHOD:

1. Place Jack Daniel's Old No.7, lime wedges and bitters into the glass filled with ice.
2. Top up with Bundaberg Ginger Beer and add garnish.

WIN!

To celebrate the release of *The Last Witch Hunter* (on digital January 27 and DVD and Blu-ray on February 3) we're giving MAXIM readers the chance to win this awesome prize

From the producers of the *300* movie franchise, *The Last Witch Hunter* is an epic action-adventure starring **Vin Diesel**, Rose Leslie and Elijah Wood. Cursed with immortality by an evil witch queen, Kaulder (Diesel) has spent centuries hunting down rogue witches; vicious supernatural creatures intent on destroying humankind. Now, as the covens of modern day New York threaten to resurrect their queen and release a terrible plague on the world, Kaulder must face their vengeful wrath in a battle to save the human race.



Three winners will each receive:

- A \$500 Tarocash wardrobe
- Audio Technica Sonic Fuel headphones
- A DVD copy of *The Last Witch Hunter*

Ten Runners-up will each receive:

- A \$300 DVD pack
(including a copy of *The Last Witch Hunter*, *The Source Code*, *Skyline*, *Skin Trade*, *The Walking Dead: Season 1*, *The Walking Dead: Season 2*, *The Walking Dead: Season 3*, *The Walking Dead: Season 4*, *The Walking Dead: Season 5*, *Fighter*, *Rush*, *Black Sea*, *Child 44*, *Red 2*, and *The Rise*)

HOW TO ENTER*

For your chance to win email us at maxim@maxim.com.au and tell us in 25 words or less what you would do if you were immortal.

* FOR TERMS & CONDITIONS GO TO MAXIM.COM.AU



SPOTLIGHT

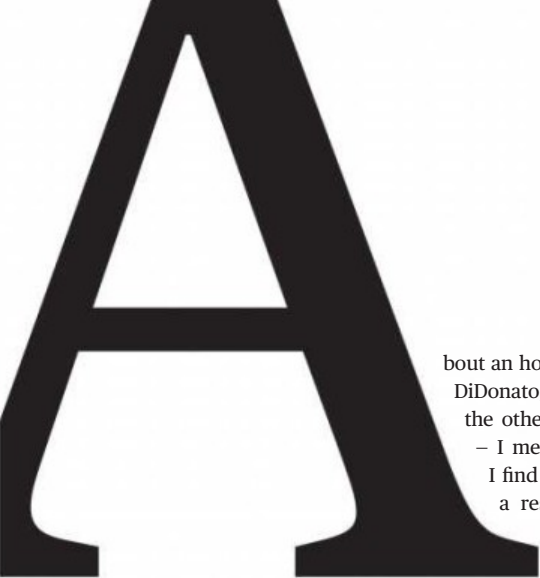
SWIMSUIT,
**DOLCE &
GABBANA**

SUPERMODEL **EMILY** **DiDONATO** IS MAKING A VERY BIG SPLASH

BY **NATE FREEMAN** PHOTOGRAPHED BY **GILLES BENSIMON** STYLED BY **WAYNE GROSS**







about an hour into drinks with Emily DiDonato, I realise I saw her just the other day. Not quite like this – I mean, it's not so often that I find myself casually sitting in a restaurant with a beyond-gorgeous supermodel who regularly poses on exotic beaches for

world-class fashion photographers. No, I spotted her in Manhattan's SoHo neighbourhood early one morning. There was a phalanx of young women with headsets and clipboards, guys holding giant lights, craft service tables with limp salad. They were shooting a commercial. An assistant stopped me at a barricade as filming was about to start. Silence, and then... "Action!" In front of two giant whirring fans, the camera encircled a girl in heels who glided with magnificent speed across the cobblestones of Greene Street, her mesmerising gait never wavering, hair ruffling up so immaculately it looked like CGI. The skirt was gold and silky and swayed with her strut, swooshing back and forth like a pendulum – I mean, this girl... the way her skirt swayed could stop time itself. And then she turned around without warning, staring at the camera and toward me, her striking eyes both classic and strangely feline. "Yeah, that was us," she said, sitting in front of me in a T-shirt, no makeup, sipping a glass of sauvignon blanc, kind of just shooting the shit.

The restaurant was her idea: a spot near her apartment called the Little Beet Table, which, in accordance with the laws of pretty people, is completely gluten-free. Looking to ingratiate myself, I order the crudité, because, well, models. They don't eat, right? This model is different. In fact, she soon confides that her dinner plans include gorging herself on a massive steak. "We're going to the Breslin," she says. "The rib eye for two? It's amazing, this US\$200 steak. It's so obnoxious, but it's my favourite thing to get."

"Sounds decadent."

"Yeah, that's probably why I'm not eating these...vegetables," she says, pointing at the lame crudité with disgust. "What can I say? I love steak. It's kind of my thing." DiDonato is easygoing, with a pure, aw-shucks thing that works well until you realise, yep, this is what she looks like, got it. Born in a tiny town in upstate New York, she rarely ventured into the city growing up, preferring to keep things rural. Her father was a firefighter in the Bronx.

"I graduated from high school and then decided to do this full-time," she says of her first stint in the city, modelling as a teenager. "I was totally by myself – it's hard to make friends here!" I tell her I find that a little suspect. "I would just go home after work and watch TV," she insists. "When I think about it now, I'm like, that was quite brave, coming here without knowing anyone." She met people soon enough, and people certainly got used to seeing her. Before she was 19, DiDonato had a campaign with Guess and a contract with Maybelline (for whom she was shooting that commercial). Soon she reached the two major peaks of the industry: She did the Pop Model Thing by booking *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit issues and stripping to her skivvies for Victoria's Secret, and she did the High-Fashion Model Thing by posing for famed photographer Mario Testino and for the cover of *French Vogue*.

"They check different boxes," she says. "You're in *Sports Illustrated*,

which is a men's magazine – and then you do *French Vogue* and it's respected by a totally different group of people who have never picked up *Sports Illustrated* in their life. When I first started modeling, there were a lot of rules about what you can and can't do, and then Kate Upton came along and it was like, you can do everything." And, indeed, she is doing everything, so why not flaunt it? "I was shooting the editorial I wanted to work with, and I was like, Wow, all that paid off," she says. "Once I saw myself on the cover of *French Vogue*, I was like, OK, I'm pretty solid. I'm kind of a big deal."

DiDonato has lived in downtown Manhattan for a while now, having first moved to a tiny studio in SoHo and then to her current digs, in Gramercy Park. Somehow, despite workdays where hours can be spent just getting her make-up done, and a travel schedule that would make a deputy secretary of state look like a slacker, she manages to have hobbies. Emily DiDonato makes art, cooks, does yoga, and surfs in Costa Rica. "When I have the day off, I like to structure it – I love to paint, you know, things like that..."

"You should have a gallery show," I suggest.

"F–k, Nate, if I had a picture of my last one, you would be so impressed," she says. "I painted Montauk!"

"You know, all the great artists used to live in Montauk."

"No-one even believes that I did it. Took me, like, six hours. Watercolours, man; it's not easy."

She also goes out on auditions – that's right, she wants to move into acting à la Cara Delevingne. "I would definitely want to try," she says. "But I wouldn't want to be, like, a mega movie star." Why would she? What's fascinating about modelling is that in addition to looking fabulous for a living, you have this ideal type of fame: You can be omnipresent but still exist in the world as a normal person. You can be in the pages of all the magazines but not have people stop you on the street. "Modelling is awesome in that sense," she says, "because

financially, it's great, and you do have a level of 'fame,' you can call it. But it's not like I can't walk out my door. Plus, they make us look entirely different for the billboard, so by the time you see us like this" – she makes a gesture at herself, as if to say, Ugh, I look terrible – "you don't even recognise us. But I'm not just any old joe."

And any old joe wouldn't turn heads the way DiDonato does when we exit the Little Beet Table and say our goodbyes – she to devour US\$100 worth of aged beef, I to supplement my crudités with a slice of greasy pizza. Everyone is looking. They probably don't know that her name is Emily DiDonato, but you can see them whispering, "Who is that girl?" It's only a matter of time before they all find out. ■

**"ONCE I SAW
MYSELF ON
THE COVER
OF *FRENCH
VOGUE*, I WAS
LIKE, OK, I'M
PRETTY SOLID."**

SPOTLIGHT

THIS PAGE:
T-SHIRT, **H&M**

**OPPOSITE
PAGE:**
SWIMSUIT,
**AMERICAN
APPAREL**





SPOTLIGHT







HAIR **KAYLA MICHELE AT
STREETERS** USING **EVO**
MAKE-UP **MISHA SHAH-
ZADA** AT **SEE MANAGE-
MENT** USING **DIOR SKIN**

SWIMSUIT,
ORLEBAR
BROWN



“None of my good mates gave a stuff whether I had one leg or two. I never asked for any favours or special treatment, and they never gave me any.”

One Foot On The Podium

Born without the lower half of his left leg, young **DON ELGIN** never considered himself disabled until he was in high school – and even then, he had to be convinced. Here he shares an extract from his latest book – a rags-to-riches story about a disabled boy from the bush who battled the odds and finally stepped onto the podium, as a medallist at the Sydney Paralympics, to become an elite athlete



WAS JUST ABOUT TO TURN 17, AND WITH ALL THE

training I'd been doing I was starting to look quite like a real athlete. My muscles had developed and I was as fit as I'd ever been, even though I probably had a bit more growing to do. The training was really paying off and I could feel myself improving with every stroke in the pool and every kick on the footy field. The hours of running around the streets of Toc were starting to reward me with a sportsman's body, and I felt great. I reckoned I could compete just as well against able-bodied guys as disabled ones. I had to adjust my levels depending on what event I'd entered and who my competition was, but in the

main I went flat-out every time I competed. I also managed to master the work/school balance and was giving the studies as much attention as they deserved, although while my brain was reasonably focused on the books, the body was fully focused on the sport.

Sport and sporting clubs play a massive role in the development of kids in the bush. I couldn't imagine how life would've been if it wasn't for the footy club in particular. Being a member of a club means so much more than just kicking a footy around an oval on weekends with a bunch of mates. Being a club member in a country town is what life is all about for a 17-year-old. I had my training, I had my games and most importantly, I had my mates. And none of my good mates gave a stuff whether I had one leg or two. I never asked for any favours or special treatment, and they never gave me any. They just treated me as if I was one of them, just another kid with a truckload of ambition. We all shared the same interests – a begrudging respect for schoolwork, a ridiculous obsession with football, a love for any spectator sport on offer and, of course, a bit of well-timed strife and fun.

It must have been really hard for the kids in Toc – and any other town, for that matter – who didn't play sport and join the local footy club. There just wasn't that much else to do, or so it seemed to me at the time. But for the majority of us, the footy club was our life and the core of our mateship – we'd all back each other up and stick together. No-one in the club was known by his first name. We had this knack of shortening any surname and using it instead of calling a kid by his real name. Craig Kelly was known as Kel, Brian Simpson was Simmo, and Shane Moar was Moary. If your surname was Johnson, your likelihood of being called Johnno was pretty high.

I turned 17 in December 1992 and it'd been a fairly tough year. I'd been training hard and studying hard. Having a birthday in December, so close to Christmas and the end of the school year, was good in a lot of respects. It meant signing off on another school term and a farewell to dreaded exams; a short break from footy training; the upcoming school holidays; Christmas; and the start of the cricket season. All my mates chipped in that year and bought me a ticket to the One-day series between the West Indies and Australia at the Melbourne Cricket Ground in January. They couldn't have got me a better present. For the next month all I could think about was going to Melbourne with my buddies and watching the Aussies thrash the Windies at the famous MCG. I got through the next month, and met Kel, Simmo and Moary at the bus stop early on the big day for the four-hour trip to Melbourne. It originated in Toc, so we piled into the back seats, raring to go and support our national cricket team. As always, the bus did a sweep of the northern country towns, picking up passengers here and there until we reached Melbourne. We stopped in Cobram and Numurkah where a few got on, then motored to Shepparton where the seats started to fill.

After Shepparton, we made our way south through Kyabram and Rochester, then on to Bendigo and through to Melbourne. But this was our bus. We were the first ones on, and we had the plum seats down the back. As the bus filled with passengers, it was obvious most of them were heading to the same destination as we were, and some of them were guys from other towns we'd played against in football. I reckon that, in general, the bigger the town, the bigger the egos of the people who live there. Tukumwal was relatively small in comparison to Shepparton, and the half-a-dozen blokes who jumped on the bus there thought they were the biggest deal in the bush. Their town ruled and so did they... or so they thought.

The Shepp boys sat as close as possible to the back of the bus and tossed small barbed comments in the direction of us northerners. It was all harmless, but there was definitely a sense of rivalry in the air. They sat there talking loudly about how great their achievements were and how Shepparton was THE place to live – anywhere else was just camping out. They were starting to give us a mild dose of the shits, so I said to Kel, "Mate, let's have a bit of a laugh with this lot," and we devised a little plan to bring the Shepp boys down a peg or two. "I bet you can't."

"Bet I can."

"Betcha you can't."





PREVIOUS SPREAD: Don Elgin long jumping at the 2000 Sydney Paralympics; **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Young Don enjoying his footy and bike; **THIS PAGE:** Don, and Fuller from Athens, at the 2004 Paralympics (left); Exhausted at the 2000 Sydney Paralympics (right)

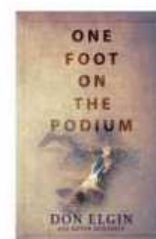
The pseudo-dares flew between Kel, Simmo and myself. We started fairly softly, but with each dare we increased the volume enough to finally get the attention of the Shepp boys in the rows in front of us. “That’s bullshit, Donnie: no way can you do that!” claimed Kel. “How much do you wanna bet? I replied. “Yeah, right. I’ll bet you 10 bucks.” Simmo upped the ante. When there’s a dollar at stake and the possibility of making a quick buck, it’s pretty hard to resist the temptation. The conversation we were having between ourselves down the back of the bus piqued the interest of the Shepp boys just as we’d planned. “What are you blokes talking about? What’s the bet?” one bloke from Shepp asked. “Well, Donnie here reckons he can plant one foot on the floor of the bus and touch the roof with the other one – at the same time! I’ve bet him 10 bucks he can’t,” Simmo responded with a smug but knowing grin. “Yeah, well, that’s bullshit. No one can do that,” one of the other Shepp boys declared. “That’s what I reckon, but he says he can. Bit simple if you ask me,” quipped Kel, letting them think he thought I was a dickhead. At this stage all the Shepp boys had turned their heads our way and were looking for a solid betting opportunity. None of the boys from Shepparton knew that I had a false leg, but the guys from Cobram – who were sitting in the middle of the bus – had seen me play footy on my artificial leg and so were in on the sting. They thought the Shepparton boys were a bit too full of themselves as well, and were more than happy to pull them in. “I bet I can,” I called out. “I betcha I can stand on the floor of the bus and put my other foot on the roof. You wanna put money on it?”

“Okay, dickhead, you’re on,” the leader of the Shepp group said. And with that challenge I walked the length of the bus, cricket cap in

hand, taking money from each bloke who thought he could make a quick and easy return on his investment. My experience in the schoolyard and knowledge of odds came flooding back to me. I didn’t realise how much I’d missed exercising it. With a cap full of coins and notes, I returned to the back of the bus where my accomplices were egging me on. I stood in the aisle and performed a few dodgy stretches forward and back, side-to-side – all for show and effect. I then reached down to my knee and slipped my leg off, having loosened it earlier. In one quick movement, I lifted my artificial leg and planted it firmly on the roof of the bus. “Thank you, gentlemen – your money will be well spent,” Kel said to the busload of losers as he started counting our loot. The footprint of my runner on the roof of the bus was a testament to our cunning: we’d made a killing. As I sat down I saw the bus driver looking at me in the rear-view mirror, stunned. I don’t think he’d ever seen an artificial leg before – certainly not one planted on the roof of his bus – and thought the whole thing must’ve been some sort of magic act. He swerved the bus, shook his head and returned to concentrating on ferrying us on to Melbourne and the “G”.

I realised then that I loved a bit of a show, especially when there was a buck involved. A day of perfect cricket in the best stadium in the world followed. And on the return trip to Toc, the Shepp boys were much more subdued than they’d been on the way down. ■

This is an extract from the self published book One Foot On The Podium by Don Elgin with Kevin Moloney. RRP\$29.00 donelgin.com.au



PANIC! ATTACK

AMERICAN POP PUNK ROCKERS PANIC! AT THE DISCO RETURN WITH THEIR HIGHLY-ANTICIPATED FIFTH STUDIO ALBUM, *DEATH OF A BACHELOR* (THE FOLLOW-UP TO 2013'S ACCLAIMED *TOO WEIRD TO LIVE, TOO RARE TO DIE!*). FRONTMAN **BRENDON URIE** TAKES US THROUGH IT TRACK-BY-TRACK, EXPLAINING, "IT'S LIKE SOME BEYONCÉ BEATS WITH SOME SINATRA VOCALS."



"VICTORIOUS": Also known as "Triumphant". This song makes me feel like I could wrestle a grizzly bear in a pit of barbed wire and come out unscathed. Completely victorious.

"DON'T THREATEN ME WITH A GOOD TIME": I've always wanted to write a song that describes a ridiculous party. Half of this song is autobiographical, half is exaggerated. I'll let you decide which is which.

"HALLELUJAH": The parts of me that are spiritual are scattered throughout this song. It's a redemption song. I'm telling myself that it's okay to have sinned so long as I've accepted responsibility for my actions. Also, the beat just feels really good.

"EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES": *I'm taking back the crown / I'm all dressed up and naked* – I've always felt more comfortable being naked anyway. *Heroes always get remembered / But you know legends never die* – a loose quote from the movie *The Sandlot*. Nice.

"DEATH OF A BACHELOR": One of my attempts at writing a Sinatra song. At least until I put it to another beat I had been working on – 808s change everything. One of my favourite tracks on this new album.

"CRAZY = GENIUS": I'm convinced there's a fine line between 'crazy' and 'genius'. I like to play along that line. This song is a celebration of that realisation. Also, I sing about Brian Wilson; case in point.

"LA DEVOTEE": This is my love letter to Los Angeles. I dreamed of living there when I was kid. That was where dreams were made and broken. Between the history and the debauchery, it's one of my favourite cities. And now that I've lived there for almost a decade, I'm a part of the chaos and I love every minute of it.

"GOLDEN DAYS": I found a few Polaroids in a record shop one day that had sprung a string of questions about who these people in the photo were. Did they live a glamorous lifestyle? Why were their pictures in this pile of records and what did they do for a living? So I fabricated a story about them and threw a promise to myself in the mix that I would paint "golden days" for the future.

"THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE DIRTY": I've met all kinds of interesting people over the last decade; liars, fakers, truthers, brawlers, bastards, good, bad, and some dirty. If you meet enough people, you feel a sort of affinity with them. You connect on a certain level with most everyone. But then there are a few that will never relate to you and that's who this song is about.

"HOUSE OF MEMORIES": I often wonder how I'll be remembered. Who will write about me when I'm gone? Will it be significant? Do I need to post nudes to make this happen? Sign me up.

"IMPOSSIBLE YEAR": An album send-off Sinatra style. A summation that notes it's been one hell of a year. I've been down-and-out and I've also felt uplifted. I wanted to end this record on a bittersweet note. It's not all rainbows and roses, but it's better to accept it with grace rather than deny it all ever happened. Love it.



PANIC! AT THE DISCO'S
NEW ALBUM *DEATH OF A
BACHELOR* IS OUT NOW



Now available at:



For full list of stockists, including major retailers and pharmacies Australia-wide, phone: +61 (0)7 55646767

CUSTOM TAILORING



GAY TALESE *on perfect suits:*

“GREAT TAILORING IS A LANGUAGE that tells a lot about what’s on your mind, how you feel about yourself and your awareness of those around you. A greatly tailored suit is a way of saying that you’re independent of trends, or separated from the crowd, or have your own definition of taste and distinction. In a great suit, you’re claiming kinship with other great men who care deeply about how they look. You’re definitely calling attention to yourself when you walk into a room. In a great suit, you are onstage. You are Fred Astaire, who really danced in his suits. You are Marcello Mastroianni in *La Dolce Vita*. You are the Duke of Windsor,

Tom Ford, the evening news, the presenter of Oscars. A specially made garment is unique. No other man will resemble you.

"The cost is not relevant. Art is the issue here. Great tailoring – like jewellery, or painting, or the design of an automobile or a piece of furniture – is in the category of artistic achievement. You don't put a price on that. If you're going to buy anything, don't buy cheap, because you're actually selling yourself at a low price. Buy something worthy of you, worthy of your highest expectation, your highest standard. You don't value yourself cheaply – if you have pride. And I do. I'm 83 years old, and I grew up as the son of a tailor.

"DON'T BUY CHEAP... BUY SOMETHING WORTHY OF YOU."

"You have to have a sense of what you look like. The other day I went to Yale University to speak on a panel with Tina Sinatra, one of the daughters of the late Frank Sinatra, because his 100th birthday was coming up. So what am I going to wear? Well, whether I'm going to Yankee Stadium or Yale or a private meeting with a Hollywood agent, I'm wearing what I think is most appropriate for the occasion. For example, you would not wear a double-breasted suit when you're sitting on a panel. The clothes gather. You want to have a three-piece, single-breasted suit, which I wore. And the jacket was open, of course.

"Artists are an endangered species. And I feel that when I'm spending money on these suits, I'm contributing to the furtherance and economic survival of these tailors. I care about them more than I do about Bengal tigers or certain antelopes in the Andes – *Oh, God, they're an endangered species, let's keep more butterflies, and more birds, and more Bengal tigers.* Well, I care about tailors."

Interviewed by Jason Feifer. Gay Talese is the best-selling author of 11 books, most recently, A Writer's Life. He owns roughly 100 suits.

THE MODERN TRICKED-OUT SUIT

HOW TAILORS ARE REDEFINING THE CLASSIC LOOK FOR NEW NEEDS

1. RADIATION PROTECTION

For guys nervous about cellphone radiation so close to their chest, Patrick Johnson of P. Johnson Tailors creates an internal pocket lined with argon mesh. "It stops the radiation," he says.

2. HEADPHONE HOLE

Michael Andrews of Michael Andrews Bespoke is often asked to make a hole in the lapel so clients can snake an earbud cord through the suit, but he warns: "I can't imagine this is going to be good for the jacket."

3. WATERPROOFING

Sure, go celebrate that IPO or ribbon cutting – but the resulting champagne shower can leave you looking dumpy. That's why places, like Toronto's Garrison Bespoke, offer waterproof suits for special occasions.

4. CUSTOM LINING

Got a special fabric? Repurpose it. When Drake became an ambassador for the Toronto Raptors, Garrison Bespoke sourced a vintage Vince Carter jersey and recut it to line his jacket. That's baller.



ITALIAN LUXURY, YOUR WAY:

High-end brands are increasingly offering custom options. Here, a sampling of services...

HUGO BOSS

Made-to-measure service, offered on "a very exclusive basis" at its flagship in Manhattan, will go nationwide in 2016. The service includes suiting, shirts, and ties, customisable in dozens of fabrics.

DOLCE & GABBANA

Its "Sartoria Experience" is available in Milan, London, and New York (and starting this month, São Paulo). It features a wide made-to-measure wardrobe – from silk pyjamas to suits, tuxedos, shirts, coats, and accessories.

SALVATORE FERRAGAMO

This summer, the luxury shoe brand launched a made-to-order program for its Driver shoe. Materials include crocodile, ostrich, condor calf, and suede mink, in Ferragamo's hallmark colors, such as ultramarine, antique saddle, and flame red.

GIORGIO ARMANI

Tailors are available at Armani stores worldwide. In June, the famed brand launched a new campaign to highlight its custom-made-suit service, featuring *Magic Mike XXL* actor Matt Bomer, along with actors Dan Stevens and Chen Kun.

PRADA

In 50 stores worldwide, Prada offers a VIP room where custom clothing begins. Suits are available in 300 fabrics; coats in 30 fabrics, including luxury cashmere; and shirts in 230 fabrics, including Prada's historic archive prints.

BRIONI

The venerable fashion brand's signature service – which it calls *Su Misura*, an Italian term for "custom tailoring" – has been offered for seven decades. Each season, more than 300 fabrics are available for suits, jackets and shirts.



THE BESPOKE SHIRT FAQs

THREE BIG QUESTIONS TO ASK AS YOU BUILD A PERSONALISED SHIRT

WHAT MATCHES MY FACE?

There are many shirt collars – cutaway, spread, pinned, and so on – and not all will look good on you. The medium-point collar is the closest to a catchall, but still, says tailor Duncan Quinn, “the best advice is to find someone you trust as your go-to man” and let him guide you.

WHAT KIND OF FABRIC DO I CHOOSE?

Tailors agree: Keep it simple, especially on your first shirt. “Every man should have a plain white shirt,” says Patrick Johnson. “You’re looking for a beautiful twill. It stays whitest the longest, it doesn’t crease much, and it’s good in summer as well as winter.”

SHOULD THERE BE A CHEST POCKET?

It’s a matter of taste, but most tailors will say no. You shouldn’t put anything in there anyway, lest you ruin the lines of your shirt. “I think that cleaner is better,” says David Tran of Garrison Bespoke, who recommends using your suit pockets instead. That’s what they’re for.

LONG-DISTANCE TAILORING :

Can you get a made-to-fit shirt without seeing a tailor? That’s what a new batch of startups promise. *MAXIM*’s Jason Feifer tried out two

INDOCHINO

HOW IT WORKS

It makes custom suits for US\$349 to US\$849, and shirts for US\$79 to US\$169. First step: The company mails you measuring tape. Then a series of videos on its website walks you through taking 14 measurements. If the result doesn’t fit, they’ll remake it, refund it, or give you US\$75 for tailoring.

THE EXPERIENCE

The video instructions are helpful, but I don’t totally trust my measuring skills. My wife helps out; it takes us 20 minutes. Two days later, an Indochino employee e-mails because she suspects I screwed up my waist measurement – and she’s right! I was off by 11 inches. Good catch.

THE SHIRT

“That’s a very big collar,” *MAXIM* fashion director Wayne Gross says when I model the shirt. I’d selected “button-down collar”; they’re like pizza slices. He also dislikes the neck (too loose) and body (it drapes). The fault is surely mine – I measured, after all – but this is a fashion fail.

MTAILOR

The company measures you entirely through its app. The process: Set the phone on the floor, leaning up against a wall. Step back until you’re in the middle of your phone’s screen, hold your arms out in a particular way, and turn around. Three weeks later, your shirt arrives.

The app tells me to strip to my underwear. I comply – MTailor promises the video isn’t saved anywhere – and stand in my bedroom while the app films me and talks me through the process. From customising my shirt to getting measured, it takes about five minutes.

“That’s a much better scenario,” Gross says. This collar looks right. The neck is snug; the shirt is fitted. Gross even likes MTailor’s buttons and fabric better. MTailor will also refund or remake a shirt, but this one is going straight into my closet. It’s the easiest thing I’ve ever had made.

THE BIG TELL:

HOW’S YOUR BUTTONHOLE?

Look close. If the stitching is perfectly uniform, it’s machine-made. But if it has more character and uneven stitches, especially on the interior of the cuff, it’s hand sewn – a process that can take up to 30 minutes. Both are perfectly fine, but here’s the key: If a tailor invested time in that buttonhole, it’s much more likely he also handcrafted the chest, collar, and shoulder, which is crucial to a great-fitting, long-lasting garment.

BESPOKE ANYTHING!

HOW TO MAKE KEY PIECES UNIQUE

COLOGNE

For a little more than twice the price of a high-end cologne, an expert at New York City’s *Scenterprises* combines ingredients from a number of olfactory families – floral, woody, fresh – to create a totally unique scent.



GLOVES

At *Hestra* in Stockholm, the fabric is cut to your hand’s exact proportions and available in everything from elk leather to reindeer suede. Anticipate a break-in period. They’ll be very tight at the beginning and stretch to fit like a... well, you know.



SNEAKERS

From 2008 to 2013, Nike made a customisable shoe called *Air Force 1 Bespoke*. The service returned this June, though Nike will say only that it’s available to “certain individuals” – and is mum on when, or if, it’ll once again be open to all.





THE MASTER TAILOR

BROOKLYN'S **MARTIN GREENFIELD** IS 87 AND HAS DRESSED EVERYONE FROM PRESIDENTS TO A-LIST CELEBRITIES. HE'S STILL AT IT

Why did you go into the custom business?

I came here as a [Holocaust] survivor in 1947 and bought my factory in 1977. I wanted to make only custom clothing in the beginning, but it was tough times, so I started doing private label for Neiman's, Saks, Brooks Brothers,

and a few other people. We no longer do that. Now we do handmade clothing with the Martin Greenfield name, and we do it direct to the public, so they get the best value. My old boss said, "Quality, with intrinsic value, is the most important thing." And that's why we're still in business.

What's the most important thing in custom clothes?

A system of measuring. Mine was developed here, by me. When we measure somebody, they look at themselves in the mirror and say, "Oh, my God, the suit is talking for me."

But it's not just about fit, right?

When we measure a person, we also like to know about him – what he does, what he's going to wear the suit for. Is he a lawyer? Is he this, is he that? Is he cold, is he hot? Because we have fabric that's lightweight, or heavier weight, and we are able to accommodate his needs. You have to make sure that it's the right fabric, especially on the first suit. Because they judge you on the first suit.

What do you say to men who think, I don't care – I'll just get whatever suit my wife likes?

When an Italian designer – I don't want to mention names – started to design suits, because he was a women's designer, women thought that name was God. So their husbands bought his suits. If I walked behind them, I could put a loaf of bread down each shoulder. It was that big. The wives liked it. But those suits did not fit.

You've dressed everyone – presidents, athletes, actors, even famous gangsters. As a tailor, do you get to know these guys well?

Some. Paul Newman we dressed until he was 70 years old. He was a very close friend of mine. We always made the suits for his movies. And then when he initially decided to stop working, he said he would burn all the suits.

Burn the suits?

He didn't want to have to get dressed up anymore once he thought he was retiring. I said, "Don't burn the suits." Because he went back to work, and we had to make him new suits.

GREAT MEN, GREAT FITS

Greenfield's son and protégé, Jay, on what it took to make different guys look sharp



SLIM GUY

PRESIDENT OBAMA

"He's got a great figure for clothes – you know, a little bigger shoulder, a little smaller waist. When we first fit him, he was very classic and conservative. Now we're making a more fitted silhouette of the jacket, as well as flat-front, trimmer pants. He's progressed, but not in an extreme way."



TALL GUY

PATRICK EWING

"We've got him in three-piece, totally tailored suits now. It's always tough on somebody so tall, because the proportion changes. On a seven-foot person, you have to spread the buttons so much that it really needs to be a four-button suit to look like a three-button suit would look on another person."



MUSCULAR GUY

VICTOR CRUZ

"We made him a tuxedo. We wanted it slim, but he's so built in the arms, he could just flex and rip it right off. We had to be conscious that it wasn't tight. It's going to look slim enough if it's in the right proportion."

Additional reporting by
JONATHAN EVANS

BRACELETS

They're among the more affordable ways to customise your style – running less than \$100 to start, at **Miansai** online. Mix and match hardware with leather or rope in 50-plus colours for a piece of jewellery that's yours alone.



HATS

A bespoke lid requires little extra labour, and therefore little extra cost. At **Worth & Worth** in NYC, you can craft, say, a hunter-green rabbit-fur felt fedora with a three-inch brim.



ROBES

At the **London Robe Company** in Dubai, they make leisurewear even better than Hef's at his peak. Fit plays second fiddle to fabric, with opulent options like satin, velvet, and hand-loomed silk.



JEANS

The perfect fit will run you US\$750 to US\$950 at the only **Levi's** store to do custom jeans – in Manhattan's Meatpacking District – where raw denim is the preferred look.



THE GREAT OUTDOORS

PART ONE

GET IN TOUCH WITH NATURE, WITH THESE LATEST AND GREATEST GOODS. PART TWO NEXT MONTH

Socorro SW

This will appeal to the cost-conscious angler who doesn't compromise on the quality of a reel needed for demanding application(s) in the saltwater environment. This versatile reel targets the near and offshore angler fishing for multiple species using bait, lure, and jig. With its stunning design, strong Cold Forged aluminium spool, Hagane gearing, and four sizes to choose from, the Socorro SW will fit almost every style of angling. The cross carbon drag, which is waterproof, ensures that the anglers stays in complete control over even the hardest fighting saltwater fish.

Sienna FE

This is a general purpose all-around fishing reel used for small Estuary to heavier river estuary application, as well as smaller near shore saltwater application. Sienna is an entry level, versatile and dependable reel for the value-minded angler. Highly recommended reel for beginners and occasional anglers.

Bags

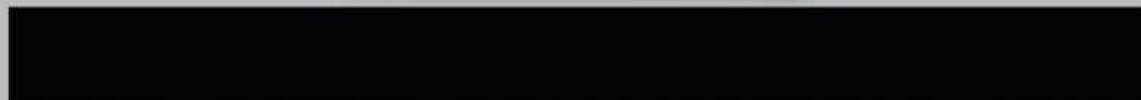
The storage and transport of terminal tackle, rods and reels has long been an issue for travelling anglers. Fortunately, we've come a long way from the wicker cane baskets, oversize plastic tackle boxes and sewer pipe rod tubes of yesteryear. Shimano's cutting edge fishing luggage systems are at the forefront of fishing functionality, and are designed to have all your gear safely protected, yet easily accessible when you're ready to fish. Their charcoal grey colour and chartreuse trim won't catch you any more fish but you'll look extremely stylish! Strong handles, heavyweight double stitching, water-resistant anti-corrosion zips, breathable mesh compartments and pockets, and aggressive Velcro all make these tackle systems absolute leaders in their field. There's a Lure Wallet and a Tackle Wallet for the mobile angler travelling light, but for larger items, or those needing to cart an entire tackle store wherever they go, there's the classic Gear Bag, medium and large Tackle Bags (complete with two tackle boxes), a comfortable Backpack capable of holding four tackle boxes, and the Banar Gear Bag in two sizes. The latter are ideal when fishing in wet environments like small open boats and off the rocks.



Minelab SDC 2300 Gold Detector

This assembly-free, lightweight and compact waterproof detector folds into a portable 216mm size and fits into most carry-on luggage and backpacks. With its easy-to-use controls its unique advantages are the ultra-low ground noise, military-grade construction designed to perform in the toughest conditions and MPF (Multi Period Fast) technology incorporating extremely fast Pulse Induction switching between Transmit (Tx) and Receive (Rx) detector signals enabling clear sharp detection of very small gold. RRP\$3,999.

www.minelab.com/aus/metal-detectors/gold-detectors/sdc-2300



AQUAJAM SPEAKERS

AJ mini

The AJ mini (below) is the world's smallest waterproof speaker. With a big sound that's IPX7 Certified, Bluetooth enable, built-in mic, built-in lithium rechargeable battery (for up to three hours continuous playtime), equipped with a life ring this speaker also floats.

www.aquajam.com



AJ2

This award-winning product is an extreme climate, floating, waterproof, full-range wireless speaker system. Equipped with several multipurpose mounts, you can attach your AQUAJAM anywhere, from the handlebars of your bike to your shower wall, boat or even surfboard. Light and portable, with up to 10 hours of playtime and high quality audio, now you can swim, paddle, hike and ride with your tunes.



Ghost Riding

It's hard to miss the growing popularity in e-boards with celebs around the world gliding on them and the sudden appearance of a few on our footpaths. So, we thought we'd chat to the team at GHOST to discuss their #GhostCrew, how they see e-boards crossing the line from transport into sport, and the importance of buying a quality hoverboard from a reputable brand

GIVE US THE LOW DOWN ON GHOST BOARDS.

Ghost Boards are electric, two-wheel self-balancing boards that are controlled with your feet using platforms with built-in gyroscope sensors. They are deceptively easy to ride – we typically tell new riders it takes around 20 minutes before they are gliding around comfortably. Charging time is about three hours, this gives you up to 20km of mileage and they travel at speeds of up to 10km/h. They can carry up to 120kg yet weigh just over 10kg. The coolest thing about the e-board is the zero turning radius, which means you can manoeuvre through narrow places with ease (and do 360-degree turns on the spot until your head spins off). We've even got a learner mode too, perfect for first-timers who are a bit nervous.

HOW SAFE ARE E-BOARDS?

As with anything, it pays to avoid the cheap eBay knockoffs and buy a quality e-board from a reputable brand. Especially because these boards are packed with complex technical components. All Ghost Boards easily meet New Zealand and Australian safety standards. They are CE, FCC, C-TICK, and RoHS certified; and come with a one-year warranty. Our e-boards also use genuine LG batteries, and compliant chargers and fuses to prevent overheating.

DO YOU SEE E-BOARDS BEING USED FOR MORE THAN JUST TRANSPORT?

Heck yeah – all of us behind Ghost see huge potential for e-boards to become more than just a device to get from A to B. In fact, we're actively helping to turn it into the next emerging tech sport. We see it involving a combination of freestyle tricks, racing, and time trialed obstacle courses.

HOW DO YOU SEE THE SPORT DEVELOPING?

In 2016, we have big plans to help councils, organisations, and brands connect with e-boarders to organise competitions across Australia and New Zealand. Though we expect that, like skateboarding, some of this will come from the streets as more people buy boards. Obviously, the popularity e-boards are gaining across social media will help magnify the public's appetite for tricks, as will our #GhostCrew of course.

“IN 2016, WE PLAN TO HELP LOCAL BRANDS AND COUNCILS CONNECT WITH E-BOARDERS TO ORGANISE COMPETITIONS ACROSS AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.”



Meet the #GhostCrew (clockwise from top left): Bella Wiesehtutter, Thomas Fitzgerald-Grout, Chris Paterson, Victoria Nunns, Josh Dench, and Daniel Cerezo Rodriguez)

TELL US ABOUT YOUR #GHOSTCREW – HOW CAN READERS GET INVOLVED?

The #GhostCrew are a team of six people from across the ditch (New Zealand) we recruited in December 2015 to publicly experiment with the boards and give the curious

a glimpse into their world as early e-boarders. They'll hopefully discover new tricks and compete in the first of the e-boarding competitions – which you can follow across any of Ghost's social accounts. Keep your eyes peeled – there may even be an Aussie Crew in the not too distant future.





PURSUIT OF APPINESS

OUR APP EXPERT CHECKS OUT THIS MONTH'S BEST

BY PAUL LIN



Work

Workhard Anywhere

The title says it all. Instead of being tied to your desk and working from the office, why not get away from office distractions and inject a spark of creativity into your work life by working from cafes and public spaces? With clear ratings by fellow users around the key essentials – power, Wi-Fi, capacity, parking, price and food – the *Workhard Anywhere* app allows you to search and find a workspace nearby on a map. And the additional quasi-social networking feature is also great for real-life networking – find out what that person sharing the desk with you is working on, and build some real-life work relationships.



Rest

Forest

We spend way too much time on our mobile phones when we should be working or enjoying life. *Forest* is a quirky and interesting attempt at trying to wean us off our mobile phone addiction and focus more on real life, rather than staring at our phone screen 24/7. Simply open the app when you want to re-focus on the real world, and a tree will start growing. If you manage to resist the temptation to not check your email, Facebook, Instagram and Whatsapp for 30 minutes, then you're rewarded with a fully grown (digital) tree. However, if you leave the app to do something else, then the tree will die. Yes, there's nothing like the guilt and shame of killing a (digital) tree and the threat of (digital) climate change to motivate you to focus on living your real life. Genius!



Play

Lumino City

Games are a dime-a-dozen these days, but *Lumino City* isn't just a game – it's art brought to life. While on the surface it's just another point-and-click puzzle adventure game, upon closer inspection you'll notice the backgrounds aren't drawn or digitally generated – it's a real, living, miniature model of a city built painstakingly by hand by the development team over three years out of cardboard, wood, miniature lights and motors. Beautiful to look at and strangely relaxing – simply wander around the surreal Lumino city and solve simple puzzles, without any threat of dying or timing out, while appreciating the effort that has gone into building this amazing cardboard city. It's a unique and BAFTA award-winning experience unlike anything out there.

PAUL LIN IS THE CEO OF EMPIRICAL WORKS, ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S LEADING ENTERPRISE MOBILITY COMPANIES. HE HAS BUILT APPS AND MOBILE SOLUTIONS FOR SOME OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BRANDS INCLUDING JIM BEAM, SKODA, LEVI'S, AND ENDEAVOUR ENERGY. EMPIRICALWORKS.COM.AU

PLAN AN AUSSIE BUCK'S PARTY

IF YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN THE TASK OF PLANNING A MATE'S BUCK'S PARTY, AS I WAS RECENTLY, CHANCES ARE YOU'VE TOSSED AROUND PLENTY OF IDEAS BUT NOTHING HAS BEEN ORGANISED UNTIL THE LAST MINUTE. HERE'S A QUICK 101 ON SORTING OUT A GREAT AUSTRALIAN BUCK'S NIGHT/WEEKEND

BY JAMES KERLEY

GIRLS

First and foremost you are more than likely going to need to organise some sort of female interaction for your mate's big day. I've seen this sort of thing go very wrong – whether it be a dodgy website which has kept employee's pictures from back in the '90s when they were in their late twenties, or one using "look-alike" photos or someone thought it'd be funny to order the Christian buck's stripper with the "works" option – things can turn into the wrong sort of surprise. We had a relatively conservative buck and went with *bombshells.com.au* who actually have girls who look just like their pictures which was a nice surprise.

VENUE

Like a traveller showing signs of Ebola arriving at customs, there are very few places that will welcome a group of messy men arriving at their establishment. We had nowhere planned the week before the buck's and with large hotel rooms costing in the thousands, we were struggling. So we asked around and managed to find out one of the boys' parents had an old place they don't really use. It didn't have much furniture inside but was a perfect way to make a very loose start to the evening.

DRINKS

Taking into account what 20 blokes like to drink is a total nightmare. So, I just asked the buck for his top three beers and top three spirits and that was the menu. Same with food – luckily, basic sports, basic beer and some basic pizza were all what he loved. Of course, there's a lot of great craft beers out there but they can really diminish the CBF (Critical Beer Funds). Given that there are many tasty Aussie beers (that your buck will hopefully be loving) under \$50 a case is your best bet.

FOOD

Carb loading is pretty essential in the starting hours of any bucks. So, we just loaded up on some Domino's Pizza. We did manage to call at lunchtime (around 1:30pm) and got the close-to-half-price deal, negotiated a bulk discount and got them to deliver at 5pm.

THE CRAWL

A pub crawl is great way to ensure everyone has an equal "skin full"/ responsible amount of alcohol. Ensuring you have a place nearby to send RSA'd blokes is helpful, but dealing with a shitfaced friend at midnight is something that falls entirely in the headache category. Throwing them in a cab home is probably the best bet from my experience.

INVITES

Traditionally, it's who is going to the wedding but the buck's night/weekend is a great way to cover the buck's back for those he couldn't afford to have at the wedding either financially or because he or his missus simply don't like... that much. Of course, when we are talking about groups of 15 to 30 guys, there are a few types that are good to include.

ORGANISER

One of the blokes helping organise this buck's was a lawyer. You know the type – detailed mind, gets things done and great to have around if things get a little legal later in the evening. He was all over getting deposits on things, sorting beers being chilled, checking the waitresses gender, etc...

TOKEN F#\$KWIT

You know the guy – he has no filter, speaks and acts sometimes days prior to thinking and whilst the night is generally a lot less stressful without him, it's also full of a lot more stories WITH him. Ours managed to lose his wedding ring on the evening. Not in a stripper or anything (although his wife will no doubt assume this), just midway through the Oz Jet Boating ride we went on.



PHOTOS

Strippers generally aren't big fans of having their pictures taken. However, we did strap a GoPro to the buck's head for the first half of the day and captured everything from his POV. If you are from Sydney or travelling there for the buck's and want to get a solid pub crawl in, places like Balmain, which are high pubs per square kilometre regions, or the rocks are also a good starting point.

OUTFIT

Vinnies is great for these – we went for the short shorts and mid rift Supre/“under-privileged-slut” look, complete with stains from the good life its first owner enjoyed.

ACTIVITIES

You want to get as many activities in there without burning too much CBF. Luckily, we managed to get a good list of stuff happening for our weekend – chopper and jet boat rides, quad bikes, paintball, deep sea fishing... Ideally something he loves and with the people he loves and you've nailed it. One thing we did splash out on that was a lot cheaper than we thought was a chopper ride around the Sydney Harbour Bridge and Opera House with Sydney Heli-charters and these guys even threw in a female chopper pilot – kept her top on the entire flight though.



FOR MORE TOP TIPS,
LIKE THESE, CHECK OUT
THEMANPLAN.BOOK.COM

TRANSPORT

Getting a nice whip to pick-up the buck in is a nice touch, but it can be expensive. A lot of the exotic car websites are similar to the stripper websites (probably owned by the same guy) – all the latest models are on the site but when you go to book everything except the tired old burner with too many kilometres, some hail damage and clapped out big ends. If you've got a mate with a nice car – pass the hat around and see if you can borrow his beast for the day. We were lucky enough to pull this one off with a V12 Ferrari.

A-B TRANSPORT

This can seriously blow-out your budget. We got quotes for water taxis that took us under a kilometre for several hundred dollars. So, I told them that was un-Australian and bought a bunch of travel tens on the Ferry for five bucks a head. We also looked at stretched Hummers and realised the douchiness of these was best spent on more beer.

Marooned

BY JOE KEOHANE

I'M PERCHED ON THE EDGE OF A SIMPLE THATCHED-ROOF SHELTER ON THE REMOTE INDONESIAN ISLAND OF SIROKTABE, STARING DOWN AN IMMACULATE WHITE BEACH AS THE SUN DIPS WESTWARD INTO THE INDIAN OCEAN, SHOCKING THE SKY A GLORIOUS ORANGE-PINK. I FEEL GOOD. GREAT, IN FACT. I AM THE ONLY HUMAN BEING FOR MILES. I AM SUPPOSEDLY HERE TO BE TESTED, TO SURVIVE. BUT HERE, NOW, SURROUNDED BY THE EARTH'S RICH BOUNTY, I THINK: THIS ISN'T SURVIVING. THIS IS LIVING.

BACK UP A COUPLE OF WEEKS. THERE IS A SMALL COMPANY IN HONG KONG, Docastaway, that specialises in dropping people on desert islands in Asia, Oceania or Central America to survive by their own wits for as long as they want to, or can bear it. (They also offer "comfort" packages, featuring all of the seclusion and none, or at least far less, of the hardship). *MAXIM* thought I might like to give it a shot. Why me? Because I have essentially no survival skills whatsoever. That is, unless you count a ninja-like ability to ride 16 stops in a packed train without physically touching another human. I'm a creature of the city. On the whole, nature in the raw holds little appeal for me. I just don't really know what to do with it. I'm also a profoundly pale man, paler than the ass of an Irish ghost in January. And a ginger. My brother once said I look like a marshmallow topped with carrot shavings. Which means that in addition to my issues with nature, I also hate the beach. And seafood.

Still, the idea of coming here was appealing, as I'd imagine it would be to all men. Most of us suspect, and a few know with certainty, that if the shit really came down, we'd be able to summon some dormant primordial power, some untapped cunning and resourcefulness and grit, and conquer the situation, whatever it was. We'd show what we're really made of. We'd tap into a vestigial wildness. We'd survive.

But would we?

The plan was this: I would travel from New York to Dubai to Jakarta and then take two more planes, followed by a car ride to a small fishing village, where I'd hand over a brick of Indonesian cash to pay for the experience, and then be ferried, finally, to a location I am contractually prohibited from revealing. (Docastaway generally rents publicly owned but little-known islands from governments, navies, or locals, and doesn't want to broadcast their locations to the world. It calls this island

Siroktabe, not its real name.) Once there, I'd stay three full days, with minimal equipment: a speargun, a canoe, a machete. My contact at the company, cofounder Alvaro Cerezo, stressed that this was meant to replicate an authentic experience. "A castaway don't know nothing," he said. "You know nothing. You need to eat. You need to drink." When I asked for some very basic survival tips, he hesitated. It's best that I suffer, he said: "Otherwise it's a vacation."

Seems reasonable, I thought. I may have been inordinately excited about the speargun.

On the appointed day, off I went, hauling a bag containing some borrowed outdoor clothes and a stupid-looking hat, sunscreen, industrial insect repellent, a flashlight, and malaria pills. I was nervous but confident. How bad could it really be? There were banana trees, I was told. If the fishing was bad, or the coconuts scarce, I'd just eat the bananas. Problem solved. Besides, it's three days. Anything's tolerable for three days.

FROM OUR BOAT, SIROKTABE LOOMS ACROSS THE WATER. BIGGER THAN I'D expected. Quite big, actually, with a narrow ribbon of beach surrounding a dense jungle that soars to a mountain peak in the center, and heaps of black volcanic boulders at either end. Even from afar, this place is spectacularly beautiful.

The boat edges up to the island, and we hop off into the shallow water. My guide gives me the rundown, showing me the simple thatched-roof shelter that will be my home, and points out a pot, a pan, and a gas-powered camp stove. Slightly annoyed, I resolve not to use the stove. I didn't come here to be pampered. Otherwise, how will I know what I'm made of? But OK. He tells me about the great swarms of bats that come out around sunset. The pythons that make

the island home. Demonstrates the speargun. Before he leaves, he leads me to a patch where I can dig up cassava, a root vegetable found via its marijuana-looking leaves. He reaches down, pops one out of the soft, abiding earth, a nice fat one, and hands it to me. There are also almonds around, he says, pointing at one. You just have to dig them out of their thick pods with a knife. And so I don't die, he leaves me a few large bottles of water.

And then he's off. He will be on the next island over. If I get into trouble, there's a cell phone and a walkie-talkie I can contact him with. "Good luck," he says. "I'll see you in a few days." I walk back to the shelter. I notice an ant on my camera and flick it off.

The place is textbook paradise, verging on cliché. And hot. I've been here for 30 minutes and I'm already pouring sweat.

I'm also pretty hungry. By this point I've been travelling for nearly two full days and I'm running on just a couple hours of sleep, courtesy of some strange windowless hotel room at the airport in Jakarta with lights I couldn't turn off. I haven't eaten a proper meal in about 14 hours, save for some crackers I bought on a regional airline. (One of the ingredients: "shredded beef flavour.")

But the crackers are long gone. Here you eat what you kill. So let's start killing! I pick up the speargun, load it, cock it, aim it at a downed tree on the beach, and pull the trigger. The line attached to the spear catches my middle finger and tears off a few layers of skin, a wound that will seep pus for three days. You win this time, tree!

Clearly I need a plan, but it's hard to hatch one when you have no idea what you're doing or how nature works. Do I fish? Harvest? Hunt and gather? Where is the food exactly? And where are those bananas? I retire to my shelter to think. I stretch out my legs.

When I awake several hours later, it's almost dark. At 5:30P.M. Already? I hop up and begin walking along the edge of the jungle. No bananas. No coconuts. A few almonds. I come back to the shelter, try to start a fire with a lighter, some driftwood, and notebook paper, and fail. It's damp and windy, and nothing will catch. Without fire there is no boiling – and I'm not using that stove – so I end up gnawing down half that raw cassava in darkness. It's not bad! Plus, all this chewing is probably strengthening my jaws. That could prove useful in the coming days, should I awaken with a python on my face.

What do castaways do at night? Think? Sleep? Cry? I decide to crack a book. I've long meant to read *Robinson Crusoe*, so I bought a copy before I left. I figure Daniel Defoe's would-be lawyer turned adventurer will make for good company. Just a couple of pampered city guys having a go at it in the wild. But I quickly discover Crusoe has a few advantages that I don't. Guns, for instance. Powder. And, wait, so the guy just winds up on the island, immediately finds water, climbs a fir tree, and has the best sleep of his life? Not exactly an "authentic castaway experience."

After a while, my flashlight starts to make the bugs go crazy, so I just lie down and listen to the waves and the rising chaos of the jungle as it gets down to the evening's business. The sky is clear. Nice breeze. I see a shooting star. Don't know if I've ever seen one of those before. My thoughts spool out and go where they wish. A rare treat, only possible off the grid. Such a beautiful place. In time, I drift off.

I wake up at 4:40A.M. having forgotten where I am. It's still dark. The wind is stronger and the waves are slashing away at the shore. I read

"When I asked for some basic survival tips, the travel company's cofounder said it was best that I suffer. 'Otherwise it's a vacation.'"



1



2



3



4



5



Going the Distance

Five ridiculously remote, deeply inconvenient getaways that are as far off the beaten path as you can get

1. The Westfjords Iceland

Tourists have been flocking to Iceland in droves, but the Westfjords region remains its last frontier. Granted, its isolation is partly due to its treacherous roads, ferocious Arctic storms, and deadly avalanches. Even many Icelanders think of the Westfjords as an impossibly brutal and far-off place, the mythical home of Vikings like Thorgerir, who, in the medieval Sagas, killed innocent shepherds just for kicks. Lately, more and more adventure-minded types, including actors (Alexander Skarsgård), artists (Elizabeth Peyton), and reportedly moguls (Paul Allen), have been making their way here to hike the wildflower-strewn backcountry and take part in the primary pastime: existential contemplation.

Get there: Hop a 45-minute flight from Reykjavik to Ísafjörður.

2. Deception Island Antarctica

It sounds like the fortress of a comic book supervillain. An active volcano in the South Shetland Islands, this former whaling hub has no full-time population but regularly hosts scientific researchers. The downside? Volcanologists classify it as a

"restless caldera with a significant volcanic risk." We'll take our chances.

Get there: Fly to Buenos Aires or Santiago, Chile, take a plane to Ushuaia, Argentina, and board a cruise ship to Antarctica.

3. The Thorofare Wyoming

The remote patch of Yellowstone is the farthest you can get off-road in the contiguous United States: 31 miles in a straight line from any byway. The massive meadow was once a major route for 19th-century trappers. Now it's teeming with elk, wolves, fat native trout, and one of the largest concentrations of grizzly bears in the Lower 48. The trip requires an eight-day, 68-mile hike and the know-how to survive if things get ugly. And sometimes they do — a grizzly mauled a longtime outfitter here in 2002. The intrepid hiker, however, is rewarded with a sky flooded with stars and all-engulfing quiet, broken only by the occasional howl of a wolf.

Get there: Fly to Cody, Wyoming, and drive to the Nine Mile Trailhead. From there, it's a 31-mile hike to the patrol cabin.

4. Tristan da Cunha

"People imagine that we wear grass skirts," says postmistress Iris Green, one of only 269 residents on

Tristan da Cunha, the world's most remote inhabited island. "But once they see that we're civilized, they wonder why we'd want to live here." Simple. Tristan, an island 1,750 miles west of South Africa, is gorgeous. There's little more to do on Tristan than hike the 6,760-foot-high volcano and quaff beers in the local bar, the Albatross. And that is the point. **Get there:** In Cape Town, board one of nine scheduled ships making the weeklong journey to Tristan each year. Permission to visit must be approved by Tristan's Island Council.

5. Grootberg Lodge Namibia

Tucked between South Africa, Botswana, and Angola, Namibia is one of Africa's least populated nations — unless you count the baboons, antelopes, and zebras, and the world's largest free-roaming black rhino and cheetah populations. Located on a 4x4-only dirt drive, Grootberg Lodge has 16 private, solar-powered thatch-and-rock chalets, attracting just a handful of bold travelers. From \$155; grootberg.com. **Get there:** Fly to Windhoek, Namibia's capital. Drive nine hours, the last third on dirt roads.

a little more Crusoe. He finds some goats, kills them and butchers them. Just like that. If I tried that, I'd look like f—king Carrie after the prom. That is, if the goat didn't kill me first. I start to skim.

The sun comes up at around 5:45. To my relief, I'm actually not feeling completely ravenous. A good sign! The body adapting naturally to its new circumstances. What I'm made of is emerging. I polish off the cassava and eat an almond and a malaria pill. I open my toothbrush case, and there's a big ant inside. Not sure how he got in there or what he wants. Off you go.

Teeth brushed, corpus freshly sheep-dipped in sunscreen and bug repellent, I set out for food, walking the length of the long beach in search of cassava leaves, bananas, and coconuts. Jesus, what a beautiful place. Paradise! But also with the sort of absolute indifference that so often accompanies great beauty. Hmm. I find one coconut, a brown one, and some hard spiky green thing that I gingerly pull off a tree thinking it looks like something I saw in a Chinatown market once. After a dozen machete blows, the coconut duly surrenders its sweet juice. Unfortunately, it also surrenders an alarming number of small beetles and worms that had been living inside it. I recoil and throw it into the jungle. The green thing is also a bust. Hard as a baseball, thorny, inedible.

I spot some decent-size crabs, but they're fast. And some hermit crabs, nature's little slapstick comedians, countering danger and fear with pratfalls, tumbling off logs, or tipping over anytime anything comes near. I admire their preposterously unconvincing nonchalance whenever they get spooked. *Nothing to see here; just a shell falling off a log!* It frankly delights me. I've put them on a do-not-kill list for the moment. I like to think they register my lack of ill will, but most likely they just think I'm an asshole. Goddamn, it's hot. And it kind of smells here in the shelter. Like black pepper, oranges, and gasoline. Wonder what that is. For the next few hours, I traverse the beach and occasionally hack my way into the jungle. I spot three banana plants about 30 yards in, but as I make my way through the brush, watching my feet for hidden dangers, I nearly walk face-first into the web of an evil-looking black-and-yellow spider. It has sewn x's into its web, presumably denoting its victims. In the days ahead, I will see its sinister ilk all over the island and in my dreams. No bananas, though.

I spend the rest of the afternoon foraging. I trek through the jungle toward a towering coconut tree, but there are no coconuts on the ground and I can't climb the trunk. I find a couple more almonds, a large, rectangular, green pod-looking thing, and what I hope is a viable coconut. Back at the base I get the almonds open with the knife and eat them. Then I go after the coconut. I hit it a dozen times, two dozen times, harder and harder, but all the blows ultimately do is reveal some strange greasy, matted brown hair inside, mingled with fragments of spoiled greenish coconut meat. It looks like I beat a Halloween witch to death with a hammer. I tear all the hair out with the serrated edge of the machete and spread it onto the beach, leaving it to dry in the sun,

hoping I can burn it later. The pod thing yields four strange pearlescent beans. Each looks like the human vagina as interpreted by H.R. Giger. I taste a bit of one to see if it will make me sick. It tastes like nothing. Maybe a bit like celery. I don't get sick. I eat two and set two aside.

WITH THE SUN SINKING AND THE WIND PICKING UP, I HEAD BACK TO THE shelter. There is a Jonestown of dead ants on the mattress. I pick one up and eat it. It's a little bitter. I try to make a fire, this time with the witch hair and some good-looking dried-out timber I found on the beach. No go. I take a swim to cool off and attempt to wring some pleasure from the experience. It works, and I return to shore before dark. Clouds engulf the landmass in the distance, and for a while I can't even make out the horizon. When the rain finally arrives, it comes in hard, each drop hitting the shelter like a ball thwacking a baseball catcher's mitt. I fold myself into the one spot not getting pelted. This storm is like the end of the world. It's exciting. If I had a beer and weren't beginning to fret about the hopeless lack of food, it would be heaven. I start to think. Why do we do things like this to ourselves? Probably no man is immune to the odd pang of guilt about being so utterly dependent on modern civilisation, that inane and

emasculating matrix, so detached from whatever being a man meant a century or two ago. We hope it's simply the cushy circumstances of our daily lives, and not a general lack of grit or character, that keeps us from achieving a more rugged, self-determining kind of manliness. We just need to prove it.

But as I lie here, it occurs to me that the premise is all wrong. We don't need to prove it. Or at least I don't. Our heroic forefathers, the generations of gritty survivors, were no more eager to feel discomfort than we are — they simply lived in a harsher world, raised by those who survived it long enough to pass along a few crucial skills. They warred against discomfort. In fact, the whole arc of human progress is about warring against discomfort. And by that rationale, to actively court it is to spit in the eye of our ancestors. John Adams said he studied politics and war so his sons would be free to study math and philosophy, which would give their kids "a right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture, statuary, tapestry, and porcelain."

Advance the cause of liberty a few more generations and you get Netflix binges and selfie sticks and the cheeseburger they serve at

this place near my apartment. I always order it with a Manhattan when I go there with my wife. This is one of the great unheralded combinations in all of food, by the way. People used to think cocktails were low and vulgar, but now some people think they're too fussy and rarefied. Like jazz, come to think of it. But put a Manhattan with a burger and the Manhattan elevates the burger, and the burger humbles the Manhattan, and they both — wait, my wife! Did I tell her there'd be pythons? I did not. How could I not? Sorry, love.

I am the island's now. I fall asleep.



From top: The author digs a raw almond from its protective pod; a view of the ocean from the thatched-roof shelter that will be his home for three days

At 5:30A.M. I wake up and pop a malaria pill. Are there any calories in malaria pills? The label says, “Take with food. May cause dizziness.” Way ahead of you there, buddy. I’ve never been this hungry before. Nothing of any substance in about 55 hours. Usually, when you’re hungry, you just feel it in your stomach. But at this point it’s a full body state: fuzzy, a bit delirious, a little euphoric, actually – at least when I’m not laboriously trudging through the sand like a sad and dying Charlie Brown. I’m told the fishing is best in the morning and just before sundown, so I head out. About 50 yards from the beach stands a coral reef, which becomes denser and more vibrant the farther out you go, eventually leading to a steep shelf that plunges vertiginously into the black deep. The big fish, I assume, lie beyond, but the closer I get to the shelf the more I feel the powerful current sucking me out to sea. I decide to be careful, wary of pitting my dog paddle against a pitiless sea on negative calories.

Earlier, at home, a friend asked me if I had even the slightest idea how hard spearfishing is. I told him I just assumed that the fish obligingly sidles up beside you and bats its eyelashes as you blow some cold steel through its chest cavity. In the shallows, the fish are small and pretty, rendering the speargun and myself ridiculous. If I do manage to hit one, all that will be left is a fluorescent-purple smoke ring. I hold fire. Back to the jungle. I hack in. See a coconut tree. Shake a coconut tree. Nothing. Back to the beach. Try fire again. No fire. Why is there no fire? Have I started a fire before? Does a Duraflame log count? My stomach pipes up. If you won’t feed me, I will start eating you. Hot. I shoo away an ant. Dumb. Why waste the energy? This place still smells. It’s worse, actually. Oh, wait. The smell is me. I take a nice brown piss.

Finally, I just say, “F–k it” and start eating leaves. There are some near my shelter that look vaguely not poisonous. I take a bite of one. It’s OK. Peppery, fragrant. Huh. Actually kind of delicious. But then my stomach begins to recoil. These leaves are kind of oily, cloying. And what’s this milky stuff coming out of them? I can hardly get them down. I finally cave and try to get the little propane stove going, hoping to boil them, but I can’t even get that to work. Christ! The leaves aren’t helping. So hungry. Ants again. I should just let them do what they want. Give it a day, boys, and you can dance across my dead eyeballs as I’m sung back home in the arms of a python. Do pythons have arms? Am I folding? What day is this?



From top: A speargun can be great if you know how to use it, but leaves are not an ideal replacement for toilet paper

Machetes are good for burying human feces, but leaves make poor toilet paper. Need something with texture. Ripped-out last page of *Crusoe* does the job. Is this all bullshit? Coming here to survive? Handing off a brick of rupiah to a guy in front of mystified villagers in order that I might live worse off than they do for a short time? I am spectacularly unfit for this. I don’t seem to be made of anything.

BUT WAIT, I AM MADE OF SOMETHING. I do have a survival skill, the one city dwellers have had since time immemorial, employed any time they find themselves in a situation they can’t handle. It’s known as calling a guy. I have a guy! I swallow my pride. I pick up the phone. I text the guide on the neighboring island. “I need food,” I write. “And coconuts too if you have any over there.”

Within seconds, my phone buzzes with his reply: “Coming sir.”

Shortly thereafter, my guide arrives, accompanied by a fisherman, and starts the fire with a big hunk of Styrofoam. It takes him two tries. (Not so easy, is it?) He has brought three freshly caught fish, “traveller fish” he calls them. The fisherman, who is also eager to help with the coconut situation, leads us into the jungle. We hop *Frogger*-like across floating, rolling logs in a creek of black standing water, through deep mud and patches of razor-sharp jungle plants that draw blood. The guy plunges forward into the brush, then calls back to us to stop. He says the ants are bad up ahead.

When he returns, it’s with an armful of young coconuts. The good ones, with the sweet, delicious water inside. Back at camp, the guide shows me how to open them with the machete. Hack off the end. Drink. Glorious, fizzy. Then use the cleaned-up, hacked-off bit of husk as a spoon to dig out the meat. The fish is grilled and served sweet and perfectly charred on a banana leaf.

As I eat, I tell the guide how quickly f–ked I became. He tells me most people train before doing this. But these are the “survivors,” he says. “You are not survivor. You are journalist.” I know he doesn’t mean it like that, but it still goes into the hall of fame of shit people have said to me. I laugh. I eat, drink, relax. A storm is rolling in. They leave in the boat with a wave. Getting dark now. Such a beautiful place.

What am I made of? I know now. I am made of a helpless reliance on, and I’d argue mastery of, the trappings of civilisation. The survivalist may scoff, but I’d argue it’s far more useful to be good at navigating civilisation than to know how to catch a fish. For thousands of years, men have fought and died to create and defend and advance civilisation. I’m willing to bet that what they’ve made is pretty durable, held aloft by those of us willing to work like hell to afford a small amount of personal space, a measure of comfort and safety. I do it gladly.

Anyway, that’s what I’m thinking as I wade through the aqua shallows and climb onto the boat that will take me to the car, that will take me to a plane, and then to another plane, and another, and still another, across time zones, and finally to a bad-smelling taxi that will, at 8:30A.M. on a rainy Monday in New York City, take me back to paradise. ■

“After a dozen machete blows, the coconut surrenders its juice – along with numerous beetles and worms.”

Beachgoers flock to the legendary Mediterranean paradise of Saint-Tropez for its warm sun, its azure water and its extremely laissez-faire dress code



STUN KISSED



































Smells Good

These new season scents will turn you from stinky to sexy in no time

1. David Beckham Aqua Classic, \$39, 1800 812 663
Nobody does it better than Beckham, but even he gets a tad tired at times. Enter, a twist on this true classic, re-energised with green violet leaves, spicy cardamom and vibrant lemon, which takes what is a sophisticated scent and gives it a younger, fresher feel.

2. Mo by Blue Stratos Eau de Mo, \$19.99, www.blustratos.com.au
This fresh musky scent is awesome – it not only smells great, but one dollar from each bottle sold is donated to the Movember Foundation, which supports men living with depression and men's cancers.

3. Balmain Homme EDT, \$125, 02 695 5678
With an International flair, this fragrance is woody, fresh and spicy. It has bergamot, saffron and nutmeg mixed together with leather notes violet leaf and fruity accords. It deepens into cedar wood and tonka beans, just to give you that extra bit of exotic mystery.

4. Narciso Rodriguez For Him Bleu Noir EDT, \$139, 02 9695 5678
Cool, sharp, unique... sound like you? Then get this on your skin. It's a clean mix of spicy notes like cardamom and nutmeg, with woody scents of cedar and black ebony wood.

5. L'eau D'Issey Pour Homme Fraiche, \$131, 02 695 5678
A lighter, fresher version of the cult classic and *MAXIM* grooming editor's fave men's scent, this one will bring all the girls to your yard!

6. Calvin Klein Eternity Now, \$89, 1800 812 663
While we're injecting new life into old masterpieces, let's linger on this revised version of the '90s classic. In a move that would make Marky Mark proud, Calvin Klein has reinvented this scent to be lighter, fresher and more youthful – to represent that feeling you get when you first fall in, er... love (or whatever it is that you feel).

7. Tom Ford Noir Extreme, \$162, www.davidjones.com.au
For all you wanna be Base Jumpers, who stick to getting their thrills on the ground, this is a heady blend of extreme notes – think amber-drenched woody, spicy scents that come together to deliver a sexy fragrance that is surprisingly not at all overpowering.

8. John Varvatos Dark Rebel, from \$85, 1800 015 500
One for all the wannabe bad boys, this was created with risk-taking rebels in mind (was it the name that gave it away?). Yes, it's also woody, sharp and sexy, just like we all wanna be... thanks to notes of Jamaican rum, black leather and something exotic called dragon skull flower. There's a bit of nutmeg and wild pepper thrown in, too.

9. Giorgio Armani Acqua Di Gio Profumo, from \$95, www.armanibeauty.com
Another reinvention of a classic, this amping up the intensity, thanks to a dry, mineral freshness combined with bergamot and marine notes.



DON'T MISS OUT
SUBSCRIBE NOW!

MAXIM

DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR

SAVE OVER 30%

SUBSCRIBE TO MAXIM FOR 12 MONTHS AND GET
MORE THAN 30% OFF! 12 MONTHS = \$74.95

MAXIM.COM.AU/SUBSCRIBE



PREFER A DIGITAL SUBSCRIPTION?

SEARCH 'MAXIM AUSTRALIA' THROUGH
ONE OF OUR DIGITAL PARTNERS



New Year New Games

BY CHRIS STEAD

2016 IS LOOKING LIKE ONE OF THE BIGGEST YEARS IN GAMING HISTORY, AND IT'S KICKING OFF WITH A BANG!

XCOM 2 (PC)

Arguably the greatest turn-based strategy game going around returns this month with a sequel set 30-years after the critically acclaimed *XCOM: Enemy Unknown* (2012). Aliens now control Earth and you are the commander of the human resistance looking to fight back. The gameplay unfolds in two main ways; in the first you run the home base, governing research trees, recruiting new soldiers and levelling everyone up. However in missions, you control a squad of your choosing in randomly generated maps in turn-based warfare. Faster paced than the first game, and with secondary objectives to consider, combat is a thrilling battle of wits as you look to use your strengths and the terrain smartly in order to take out deadly alien forces. This is addictive, armchair general stuff!

Dirt Rally (PC)

If, like us, you recall with fondness the early *Colin McRae* games and genuine racing sims like *Richard Burns Rally*, then you should be very excited by this title. Quietly released by genre experts Codemasters (*GRID*, *DIRT*, *F1*, *Micro Machines*), this is a throwback to real rally racing of the early PS2 era. No Ken Block, no Gymkhana, no random non-rally events. We're talking point-to-point, proper stages, genuine damage, challenging physics, weather effects, a co-pilot... the works. It feels fantastic to race, sounds amazing and looks solid, and asynchronous multiplayer ensures you can compete with friends. More modes are coming, and we expect the developer to build on the 17 cars and 36 stages currently available in the coming months.

The Witness (PC, PS4)

Xbox 360 gamers may remember the inventive little indie hit *Braid* from 2008, which was made by one-man-band Jonathon Blow. Well, it has been a long wait but his follow-up is finally with us and well worth the wait. It takes place on a gorgeous island filled with the ruins of some old civilisation. Played in first-person, you explore this world looking for panels – of which there are around 650 – each of which house a maze-like minigame you must solve. To do this you need to use clues in the environment, changing your perspective and opening up our mind in the process. The more you solve, the closer you get to the centre of the island and its mystery. Definitely worth exploring.

◀ Assassin's Creed Chronicles Trilogy

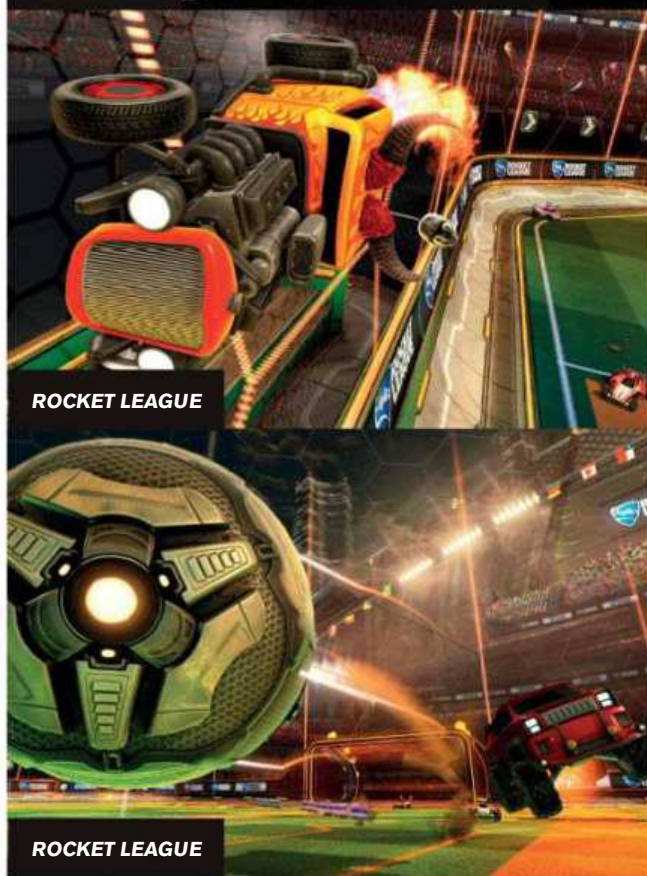
(PC, XBO, PS4)

Not everything in the *Assassin's Creed* series is an epic blockbuster set in a sprawling period-set city. Developer Ubisoft's indie-inspired *Chronicles* spin-off series explores exotic locations and new storylines, unfolding as a beautiful 2.5D platformer that retains the stealth-orientated gameplay – more so than the action – for which its bigger brother is famed. All three of the *Chronicles* games will be out by early February and you can grab all three in a bundle pack. They are set in China, India and Russia respectively, with new characters to explore and studiously-themed settings. If you're a fan of the series, this could be the fresh approach you're looking for.





GONE HOME



Second Coming

THE START OF THE YEAR IS RENOWNED FOR ITS LACK OF BIG GAMES, HOWEVER, A NUMBER OF GEMS ARE RE-EMERGING FOR NEW FORMATS OR IN NEW FORMS AND ARE WELL WORTH CHECKING OUT

◀ GONE HOME

(PC, PS4, XBO)

This incredibly unique indie game explores the idea of interactive storytelling using incredible writing based upon real-world issues. You play Kaitlin, who returns to her family home after time abroad to find it empty except a note from her sister asking her to not look for answers. You begin going through the mansion, studying objects to learn more about these people and their lives, and in doing so gain access to new areas. It's compulsive picking through someone's belongings and discerning their history, and having released on PC last year, it is now on consoles, too.

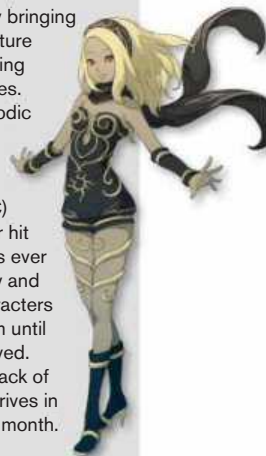
◀ ROCKET LEAGUE

(PC, PS4, XBO)

The indie sensation of 2015 arrives on Xbox One this month after being an instant classic on PC and PS4. It's a multiplayer, futuristic soccer game, which you play from the driver's seat. Its simple mission to score goals and beat the other team is heightened by the sheer fun of pulling off stunts to make your plays. Bright, colourful visuals and easy to master controls make this a true must-own. Get it!

MISSSED THEM FIRST TIME OUT?

If you're into your scares and have picked up on the *Resident Evil* series in recent years, you can revisit it origins in a new double pack out this month. The *Resident Evil Origins Collection* (PS4, XBO) includes HD remasters of the first *Resident Evil* (1994) and *Resident Evil 0* (2002). You may also be interested in *Zombi* (PS4, XBO), which is a challenging survival-horror from Ubisoft that first appeared on Wii U in 2012. *Gravity Rush Remastered* (PS4) is a Vita classic from 2012, now bringing its action-adventure and gravity defying levels to consoles. Finally, the episodic graphic adventure *Life Is Strange* (PS4, XBO, PC) was the creepier hit of 2015, and it's ever deepening story and compelling characters picked up steam until it was widely loved. The complete pack of five episodes arrives in boxed form this month.



AND THE WINNERS ARE...

The Game Awards for 2015 have come and gone, and as a snapshot of the must-play games of 2015, it's a worthy list. Here's how it all panned out:

GAME OF THE YEAR
The Witcher 3: Wild Hunt

BEST RACING AND INDIE GAME
Rocket League

BEST MOBILE GAME
Lara Croft Go

BEST NARRATIVE
Her Story

BEST FAMILY GAME
Super Mario Maker

BEST SPORTS/RACING GAME
Rocket League

BEST ART
Ori and the Blind Forest

MOST ANTICIPATED GAME
No Man's Sky

GAMES FOR IMPACT
Life Is Strange

BEST SHOOTER AND MULTIPLAYER
Splatoon

BEST ACTION-ADVENTURE
Metal Gear Solid 5: The Phantom Pain

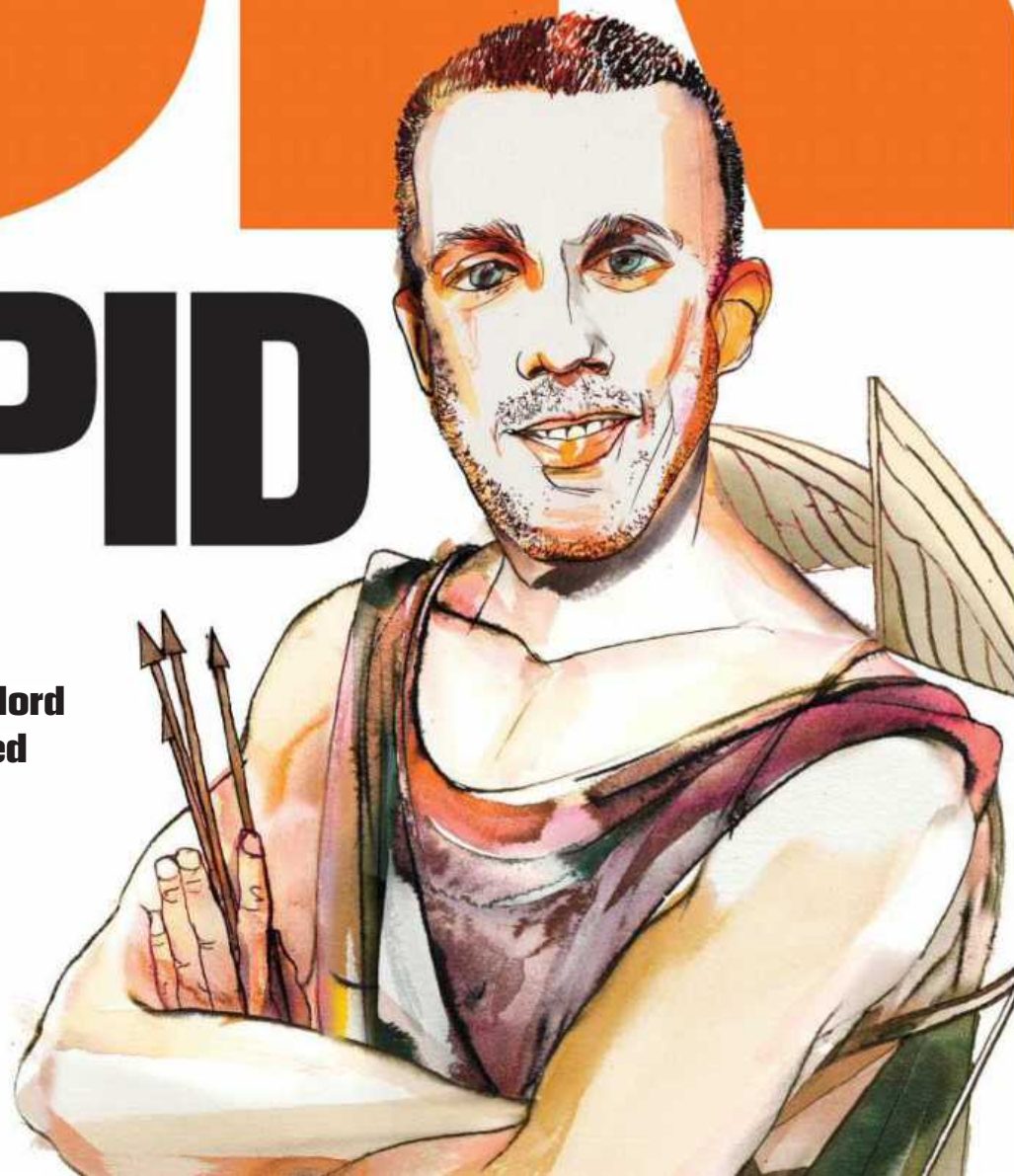
BEST ROLE-PLAYING GAME
The Witcher 3: Wild Hunt

BEST FIGHTING GAME
Mortal Kombat X

OK CUPID

Once the most hated man on the Internet, former “dick lit” douche lord **Tucker Max** has rebranded himself as a self-help guru teaching men how to fall in love and be happy. Are we ready to take him seriously?

BY MICHELLE RUIZ





Tucker Max is sitting barefoot in the podcast studio of his glass penthouse overlooking downtown Austin – and he's about to lose his shit.

Max is taping an episode of his podcast, *Mating Grounds*, a sort of modern-day *Loveline* that dispenses dating advice to Max's bro-centric fan base, and his 26-year-old producer, Joe Antenucci, has just admitted

that he doesn't want to commit to the woman he's been seeing for two months, even though, Antenucci says, that's what she "probably deserves."

"Dude," Max growls. "You're very presumptive and paternalistic. Don't tell her what she wants or *deserves*. It's this weird sexism, guys who think, *I'm a nice guy*, but actually they're sexist because they think, *I have to be responsible for everything this woman thinks and feels*."

Max goes on, working himself up: "You haven't even considered asking her what *she* wants from the relationship! As long as you're honest and respectful and she knows what direction you're going, then *she* can make a decision about the relationship based on accurate information."

Meet the brand-new, more enlightened, far less revolting Tucker Max.

Nearly a decade after his wildly controversial 2006 best-seller, *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell*, which established Max as an Internet-reviled "dick lit" kingpin, who sold an estimated three million books inspired by tequila-fuelled hook-ups and the notion that women are "hardwired for whoredom," he has recast himself as a sensitive love guru for the self-aware millennial man. Max's dramatic rebranding began with his podcast, which has logged more than two million downloads since it launched last August. And he aims to cement his new status with *Mate: Become the Man Women Want*, a dating manifesto about "how to be a man you can be proud of," cowritten with Geoffrey Miller, Ph.D., an evolutionary psychologist at the University of New Mexico.

You're probably wondering if Max's unlikely transformation from unrepentant cad to would-be Dr. Drew is truly legit.

**"IF I WANTED TO
KEEP SELLING
BOOKS ABOUT
SLEEPING
WITH GIRLS
AND DRINKING
AND ACTING
LIKE AN IDIOT,
I ABSOLUTELY
COULD."**

After all, this is the same author who eagerly courted a reputation as a ragingly misogynist, "horrible piece of garbage," as he was memorably described by Gawker, thanks to his series of sex-and-booze-soaked frat-house bibles, *Assholes Finish First*, *Sloppy Seconds*, *Hilarity Ensues*, and *Belligerence and Debauchery*.

Max used to enjoy being portrayed as a villain. In a publicity stunt to build buzz for the 2009 movie version of *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell*, he gleefully incited protests at college speaking engagements, hiring PR strategist Ryan Holiday to e-mail college women's groups outraged denunciations of Max and his books (sometimes even pretending to be a concerned female student). The guerrilla marketing ploy worked, sparking anti-Max demonstrations and bringing the press coverage he desperately craved. (Max later offered to donate \$500,000 to Texas Planned Parenthood, but only if they named a clinic after him. They declined.)

At 39, Max now claims to have put all that behind him. For one thing, he's a married man – his wife, Veronica, is a nurse practitioner and former CrossFit Games competitor – and the loving father of a 10-month-old son, Bishop.

As for the debauchery of his twenties (and most of his thirties), he says that history is precisely what qualifies him to be a dating expert.

"I had to fail thousands of times before I figured out what I was doing wrong," Max tells me, sitting on a sectional couch in the living room of the family's penthouse apartment, beside Max's standing desk and Bishop's blocks. "What Dr. Miller and I wanted to do was write a book so that guys wouldn't have to fail so much to figure it out."

Mate is surprisingly earnest, advising men to "get your head straight," read books, and work out – both to become more attractive to women and to build self-confidence – as well as shower regularly and clip their toenails. (Max's feet are no stranger to a pedicure chair, by my reckoning.) It sounds simple, but week after week, hapless callers to his podcast demonstrate that "guys have no f–king clue," Max says.

Worse, he tells me, "the narrative in our culture is 'How do I get girls?' It automatically starts off with guys objectifying women instead of relating to women." For this reason, Max devotes an entire chapter in *Mate* to the female perspective. In an effort to help men understand why women feel anxious and vulnerable about sexual harassment, stalking, and date rape, for instance, he asks the reader to imagine himself as a gay man walking into a bar filled with NFL linebackers. "They are all bigger, faster, stronger, and hornier than you," he writes. "This is the world of sex and dating for women."

It's all pretty rich coming from a guy who once charmed an aspiring model over a romantic dinner of stone-crab claws washed down with a \$110 bottle of merlot, then had his buddy hide in a closet and film them having anal sex without informing her she was on camera. "She thought we were dating," he wrote in *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell*. "I knew better, but she was way too hot to bother correcting her assumption."

Here's where Max's reinvention gets tricky. The mega-douchery inherent in his infamous, blog-baiting prime is still out there, readily accessible. "You could literally pull 100 more quotes out of my books that are in some kind of conflict with what I tell guys in *Mate*," he says. "But those stories are why guys will listen to the advice – they know I'm not trying to tell them that I'm perfect. I have done all kinds of messed-up stuff, and I am honest about it and have learned from it."

Max's journey from self-proclaimed "raging dickhead" to relationship guru originated three years ago at a Thanksgiving dinner, during which his friend and future coauthor Miller was chatting with a few college-age cousins. They told the psychologist that they'd been mining the Max canon for dating advice. When Miller told him, "I was mortified," Max says. But he also saw an opportunity to write a book that could steer young men in the right direction.

"I can remember what it was like to be totally lost and totally frustrated and totally sad and alone and not understand how to move

forward,” Max says. “And I can help a lot of guys solve that problem.”

It may not come as much of a surprise, but Max’s toxic bachelor persona masked deep-seated emotional issues. For the past four years, until just a few months ago, Max saw a psychoanalyst four times a week. “I got to the point in my life where I had everything I thought I wanted,” he recalls. “But I was missing something.”

Max’s parents divorced when he was a toddler, and he spent his childhood bouncing between his single mom, a flight attendant who lived outside Lexington, Kentucky, and his father, a successful South Florida restaurateur. His parents didn’t mistreat him, he says. “They were just terrible at being parents. They didn’t really pay a lot of attention, and they weren’t really loving or supportive.”

There was a time, after Max was fired from his job as a summer associate at high-powered Silicon Valley firm Fenwick & West, while attending Duke Law School, but before he managed to turn the raunchy tales he posted on his personal website into his first book, when “I couldn’t f—king feed myself,” he recalls. Occasionally, women he dated would take pity on him and bring him takeout.

Max certainly has regrets (among them, that ugly sex-tape incident). Then again, he says, “Who’s such a f—king saint that they’ve never done shit that they regret?” I ask if he’s ashamed of his reputation. “I mean, you’re asking if I’m ashamed of living my life in a way that I had a bunch of fun. I did a ton of things I wanted and ended up writing a genre-creating, best-selling series of books. So, no.”

It’s a delicate balance: owning up to and making use of his past, while simultaneously trying to put it behind him and move on. The guy who once wrote about drunkenly running naked through an Austin Embassy Suites lobby covered in his own feces is not necessarily the guy you want to look to for life advice.

Before meeting Max, Miller says he wondered “whether this guy was just kind of an asshole or a sociopath or whether he just had this entertaining persona.” Miller was won over at a dinner in Austin with Max and several of his female friends – smart, funny, professional women – which reassured him that “clearly he’s not a misogynist if women like these liked and respected him,” Miller recalls.

When I ask Max if he considers himself a feminist, he says, “It kind of depends on what you mean by ‘feminist.’ If you define

feminist as a person who believes that women and men should be treated equally, then of course I’m a feminist. But what I disagree with is the radical gender feminists who believe there’s no biological difference between men and women. It’s just ridiculous. Women can have children, and men can’t. Those are biological differences, and they create different behaviors.”

On the flip side, the so-called men’s-rights advocates who may once have rallied around Max’s offensive oeuvre now bash his podcast online (one recently posted his suspicion that *Mating Grounds* is “aligned with our female enemies”). When it comes to the battle between “gender feminists” and men’s-rights trolls, Max says, “they’re both f—king awful and I hate both of them.”

In person, the new Tucker Max seems so reasonable, so affable, so generous with pours of sparkling rosé, it’s impossible not to wonder if this is all a put-on. Clearly, it’s no longer cool to be a binge-drinking, predatory dumb-ass, especially amid a wrenching national debate about sexual assault on college campuses. If he wants to remain relevant, this seems like a prudent move. So is the new Tucker Max completely full of shit?

“No,” Max says bluntly. “If my books came out now, they’d probably sell even more because they’d be even more taboo. If I wanted to keep writing and selling books about sleeping with girls and drinking and acting like an idiot, I absolutely could.”

Max insists his advance for *Mate* was smaller than those for his previous books, not that he’s especially hard up for cash. He says he is now a successful angel investor, getting in early on companies like the office messaging app Slack, data-analysing software firm Palantir Technologies, and insta-delivery app Postmates. Max also runs his own start-up, Book in a Box, which for US\$15,000 will write and publish your book, based on your rough ideas and 12 hours of phone chats. Ten months in, he says, the company has already surpassed US\$1 million in sales. So maybe he was right all along: Assholes *do* finish first.

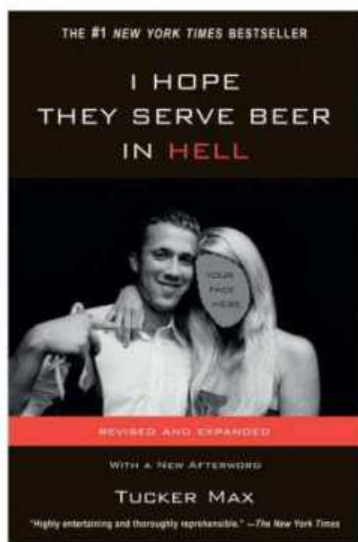
After he wraps up his podcast, I join Max and Veronica for a paleo-friendly 5:30P.M. dinner of beef heart tartare and house-made andouille sausage at Salt & Time, a rustic, farm-to-table butcher shop in East Austin. Max baby-talks to Bishop, whom he calls “*Mon-kay*.”

The family has dinner at the same time as your average Boca Raton retiree because Bishop falls asleep by 7P.M.. A wild night for them now, Max says, laughing, is “like, two bottles of wine.” This picture of domestic bliss was nearly derailed by Max’s bad-boy rep. When a mutual friend and CrossFit disciple first tried to set up the couple, Veronica made the mistake of googling him, and then refused to meet him.

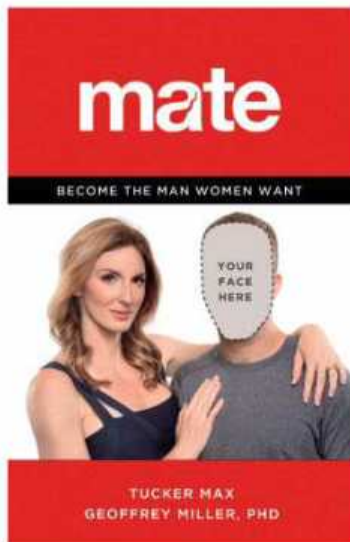
When she finally agreed six months later, figuring a self-proclaimed “asshole” might at least make for an amusing date, he peppered her with questions about her issues with her late father, and they connected, as Max says, “on a deep level.”

“He was able to see into my soul,” Veronica recalls. The Tucker Max she married in a courthouse ceremony earlier this year is “super affectionate and supportive,” she says. “The opposite of how he’s been portrayed.” Veronica still hasn’t read his books, only selected stories, which she deems “hilarious” but also a little sad. “He’s the butt of the joke in a lot of them,” she says. “I can tell he wasn’t as happy then.”

If *Mate* sells well, Max plans to write a follow-up, *Relate*, about how to win at long-term relationships. How to not only get but *keep* the girl. He stabs a forkful of beef heart, his icy blue eyes lighting up: “Because what’s more important than the relationships we have with the people we love?” ■



Max has sold more than three million books. *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell* was even made into a 2009 movie



The cover art may look familiar, but *Mate* is a comprehensive dating manifesto rather than a “dick lit” tell-all

DON'T BE ANTI-SOCIAL
FOLLOW MAXIM AUSTRALIA
EVERYWHERE



FACEBOOK/MAXIMAU
TWITTER/MAXIM_AUS
INSTAGRAM/MAXIM_AUS
YOUTUBE/MAXIMAUSTRALIA

MAXIM

NOT JUST A MAGAZINE

WAITING AN ENTIRE MONTH FOR OUR MAGICAL PUBLICATION TO
ARRIVE IN SHOPS CAN BE EXHAUSTING. THAT'S WHY WE OFFER YOU
A LOT MORE THAN JUST THE INK AND PAPER IN YOUR HANDS RIGHT NOW...

MAXIM.COM.AU

Visit *MAXIM Australia* online for your fix of girls, entertainment, sport, tech, lifestyle, competitions, and the web's hottest video content. Well, the hottest content that doesn't involve the words "feeder fetish webcam". We know you'll totally search for that after you read this.

MAXIM AUSTRALIA DIGITAL EDITION

Get with the times, you Boomer loser. Our digital edition on Zinio is exactly the same as the print edition, and available for Apple, Android, and PC devices. Go to zinio.com.au to either buy a single edition or subscribe for 12 months.

MAXIM.COM.AU/ZINIO

MAXIM AUSTRALIA IPAD APP

Our app isn't just a digital version of the mag, but features interactive content and links. Take a peek behind-the-scenes of our exclusive photo shoots and buy products featured inside at the push of a button or swipe of your screen.

MAXIM.COM.AU/APPLE

SHE GOT GAME

AS THE NBA SHOWCASES ITS BEST TALENT AT THE ALL-STAR GAME THIS MONTH, THE NEW GENERATION OF 'JERSEY CHASERS' IS TAKING THE GAME TO SOCIAL MEDIA — AND LEVELLING THE PLAYING FIELD

BY KAYLEEN SCHAEFER

In the '80s, the "Showtime" Los Angeles Lakers were as well known for their off-court conquests as their on-court dominance. Players had their pick of the groupies swarming the Forum. Only a small percentage of this massive fangirl population ever found their way to Magic Johnson's house, the setting for scenes of debauchery worthy of Caligula. The ones who did had to pass a three-part test.

"First, they had to be gorgeous," writes Jeff Pearlman, an expert on all things Los Angeles and all things basketball, in his book *Showtime*. "Second, they had to be promiscuously dressed. Third, they had to be willing to... do things."

The culture of professional sports has changed in the intervening years, and the breed of dedicated sports fan known as the "jersey chaser" has changed with it. The modern sexually aggressive superfan is, more often than not, famous in her own right on Instagram, which has become the hunting ground for women and athletes alike. The successful members of this sorority, who get tickets, free flights, and hotel rooms courtesy of point guards and cornerbacks, communicate with would-be conquests publicly — sometimes very publicly — using a visual shorthand that offers plausible deniability while maximising exposure. The difference between the women who wanted Magic and the women who want Paul George can be boiled down to one thing: control. The right of conquest now rests with the fans.

According to Charles Gardner, who has managed NBA-loving models for years, women can communicate their openness to new experiences with what they show and what they don't. If an Instagram account features pictures of airline tickets, bikini-bottom portraits, and shots from the front row, as well as an e-mail address up top, but doesn't show selfies with make-up artists or photographers, players can infer that a girl has been "flown out" before. "I'm a booking agent for a lot of girls, and what will happen is that players — well, their agents — will get the e-mail off their Instagram account and ask if a girl is available for a party or an event," Gardner says. If the girl is both available and single, she may soon find herself checking into a luxury suite. This may strike some as unseemly, but it's an open invitation to have sex with rich men who work out a lot — not an unappealing notion.

"Have I seriously dated an athlete? No," says a thirtysomething social worker who lives in LA. "But," she adds teasingly, "I've gone out on dates and spent time with them." The social worker says she's not interested in a long-term romance. Seeing athletes on the side gives her a way to decompress. "Instagram has made it a lot easier," she says. "There's a steady stream of guys in my in-box." A veteran sports publicist, who requested anonymity for the sake of her career, estimates that 80 percent of NBA players use social media to find women. As she points out, the app makes it easy for athletes to

pursue their extracurriculars by simply scrolling through their phone. No more lingering at the club. It's like Seamless for sex partners.

Social media also gives women a way to protect themselves — a public forum — and a measure of leverage. Ladies who feel wronged by men with sneaker deals can deliver a crushing economic blow with the click of a mouse. Screen-shotted text messages have a tendency to leak when relationships sour. Intimate pictures appear online.

"Women do have more power now because they can put these guys on blast," the sports publicist explains.

Meanwhile, online forums allow jersey chasers to air their dirty laundry without anyone seeing the name on the tag. When one NBA player's supposed lack of chivalry disappointed an amorous fan, she took to BallerAlert.com to complain. "He treated me as if I courted him like some nightclub hooker!" she wrote. "After a year of talking, and this? Hell, I would've charged a tad bit more and got my money in the beginning if I would've known he was going to treat me like a prostitute."

It is taken as gospel that players and their girlfriends pore over sites like Bossip, Talk-Sports, and Baller Wives, which take a forensic approach to players' social media accounts and serve as confessionals for postcoital relations. Anonymous comments become accepted wisdom in a hurry, meaning the player probably had an awkward chat with his girlfriend. It's hard to tell fact from fan fiction.

Because players are, for reasons personal and professional, allergic to this type of publicity, it often makes more sense for them to date within an existing pool of loosely affiliated women. *Basketball Wives* star Draya Michele is famous for having dated enough NBA players to field a team. Players go out with each other's exes, because made women have demonstrated an ability to be discreet.

That said, those who make the rounds do tend to raise eyebrows.

"I can be like, 'Dang, I just saw your girl with him, and now she's at a club with him, and she's at the club with him' — and this is just in a week," says a Las Vegas-based model who is currently dating a high-profile athlete. "I see that type of stuff."

The new crop of jersey chasers has become so central to NBA culture that players school rookies to make sure they don't overdo it. "We do a really good job of just laying it out there with advice when it comes to women and partying," says Andre Iguodala of the Golden State Warriors. "You can have fun, but just make sure you know that this is a job and this is a business."

That said, many of the women have business goals of their own. Some have leveraged their moment in the spotlight to land reality shows and swimwear lines. And courtship seats aren't easy to come by. ■

"I CAN BE LIKE,
'DANG, I JUST SAW
YOUR GIRL WITH
HIM, AND NOW
SHE'S AT A CLUB
WITH HIM, AND
SHE'S AT THE
CLUB WITH HIM'
— AND THIS IS
JUST IN A WEEK."



Player

ICE CUBE

THE LEGENDARY RAPPER, ACTOR, PRODUCER AND FILMMAKER TELLS US HOW HE'D LIKE TO SPEND HIS FINAL DAY ON EARTH

BY SANTI PINTADO

How do you want to die? On the Mothership with George Clinton. **Do you have any deathbed confessions?** Yes. That's all you get — yes. **All good. What's your last meal?** Pussy. **Are you going to Heaven or Hell?** To be determined. **What do you say to God or the Devil when you get to either Heaven or Hell?** "What's cranking? What's up for the night? Y'all got ESPN?" **What's the craziest thing that ever happened during your NWA days?** Well, there were a lot of crazy moments. We got chased off the stage in Cincinnati and when I ran out of the building I ended up hitchhiking with some fans just to get back to the hotel — and we were running from the police and shit, no security, nobody else I knew was around. So, while I'm thinking I'm by myself and in trouble, I see some fans and jump into a car with a bunch of strangers. It was some crazy shit. **Which legendary people will you hang out with in the afterlife and what do you say to them?** Besides Jesus, I would kick it in the afterlife with Bob Marley. What would I say to him? "Hey, roll one. Let's go." **What would you have said to Eazy-E if you managed to chat to him before he died?** It would've been something along the lines of, "Man, what you doing in here? Get yo' ass up. You ain't about to lay up in here and... nah, this ain't gonna happen, man. We need you to get better." I never thought in a million years that he would pass away. Even that day I went to see him I still thought he would come out of it. I never thought his life was hours away from being over. **What's the first thing you say to him in the afterlife?** "I wish you could've stayed a little while longer." **To whom on Earth do you owe an apology and why?** Ah... shit. Let's see... ah, there's probably a few people, a long list in fact, that I'd need to apologise to. Too many to mention just one. **What's the best lyric you ever wrote in your time on Earth?** F—k the police coming straight from the underground / A young nigga got it bad 'cause I'm brown. **What's the greatest Ice Cube scene that never made it on screen?** That's a tough one, but I wrote a movie called *Public Enemy*. It's not about the group Public Enemy it's about what people would call a public enemy, and I would love for it to make it to the screen. **What's your greatest achievement during your time on Earth?** My kids. **What's the dumbest thing you ever did?** Wow, that's a hard one. Oh wait, I almost burned my house down. **What are your friends saying over your casket?** Hopefully they are saying, "Man, he lived a full life." **What are Dre and the other former members of NWA saying over your casket?** Oh, they are all going to die before me. **What's written on your tombstone?** "Gangsta Gangsta". **Got any last words?** F—k all y'all. ■



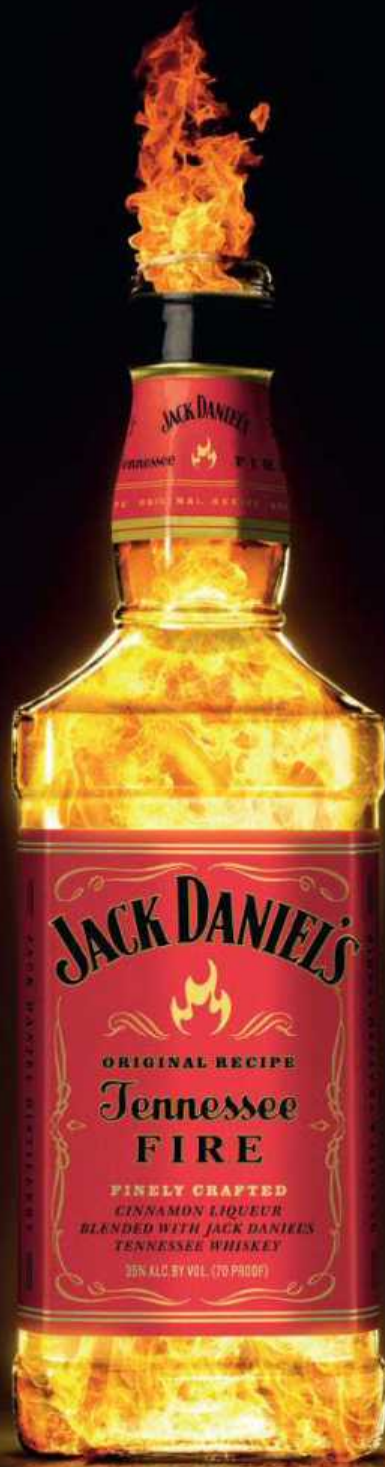
STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON IS AVAILABLE TO OWN ON DVD AND DIGITAL WITH THE EXCLUSIVE DIRECTOR'S CUT (FEATURING AN ADDITIONAL 20 MINUTES OF THE FILM) AVAILABLE ON BLU-RAY

LONSDALETM

LONDON

LONSDALELONDON.COM.AU





READY, AIM, FIRE

DON'T GET TOO HOT TO HANDLE. DRINK IN MODERATION

JACK DANIEL'S AND JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE FIRE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS. ©2016 JACK DANIEL'S PROPERTIES, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.